

WASHINGTON OR VERSAILLES?

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

IN an historic and most helpful speech to Congress on Monday, President Wilson has given a reasoned answer to the Central Powers "in the hearing of all the world." Clearly, he does not share the view of the Versailles Council that there is nothing to do but fight. He distinguishes, moreover, very sharply, as the Versailles manifesto did not, between Counts Czernin and Hertling. He welcomes "the very friendly tone" of the former, while he finds the latter "very vague and very confusing," but "apparently of an opposite purpose." [We now have the German text of Count Hertling before us. The translation is poor literary work, and the speech does not seem so rough and harsh in the original as it did in English.] Mr. Wilson's main contention is that the peace which follows this war must not be a thing of shreds and patches, worked out by isolated Powers in a corner, on the model of the Vienna Congress. He protests against the whole diplomatic technique of bargains and barter. What he means plainly is that there must be a settlement by the light of disinterested reason, and without regard to the war-map. It must do what is best for the world without considering what pawns and pledges are held by this Power or that. Needless to say, this hits the method and conception of our secret treaties as straight and hard as it hits Count Hertling.

MR. WILSON'S analysis of Count Hertling is searching but perfectly fair, and its quiet tones are therefore infinitely more effective than the rhetoric of the Versailles document. His main point against Count Hertling is that "he is jealous of international action and international counsel." That is exactly true. Coming to details, Mr. Wilson shows that the acceptance of open diplomacy is incompatible with the separate bargains which Count Hertling proposes over Belgium, France, and the Eastern Front. Further, Count Hertling's rejection of internationalism is shown in his refusal to accept the use of sea-power to enforce international covenants. He proposes a settlement effected by "individual barter and concession," and then, after creating a new balance of power, would not object to a League of Nations. It cannot come in that way, nor is it that which the world means by a general peace and "a new international order based upon the broad and universal principles of right and justice." None of the big issues can be treated as "a private or separate issue from which the opinion of the world may be shut out. . . . Whatever affects the peace affects mankind, and nothing settled by military force, if settled wrong, is settled at all."

* * *

THE message then proceeds, in a tone of remonstrance and persuasion, to ask Count Hertling whether the idea of "self-determination" means nothing at all. Mr. Wilson adopts the Reichstag formula (which our Commons would not recognize and even Mr. Asquith deprecated) and in sentences which must powerfully appeal to the Majority Parties, appeals for its honest application. He then turns, after a fine definition of America's ideal of international duty, to Count Czernin, whom he addresses frankly as a man with views akin to his own. He puts before him certain principles leading up to peace, which are, he says, accepted by everyone but "the spokesmen of the military and annexationist party in Germany." These are (1) that each part of the final settlement must be based on its own essential justice; (2) that peoples and provinces must no longer be handed about like chattels and pawns in a game; (3) that every territorial settlement must be made with a view to the benefit of the population concerned; (4) that national aspirations be accorded the utmost satisfaction short of introducing new elements of discord. None of this speech, Mr. Wilson concludes, must be read "as a threat." Assuredly it is not that. It is an appeal to every element of goodwill in Europe. While we wait for the German response, let us not forget to make our own. The secret treaties must go.

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ONE contrasts with this analysis by Mr. Wilson, far more damning because far more fair, the merely forensic reply of Mr. Lloyd George. He makes much of Count Hertling's remark that the freedom of the seas would be better secured if we were to give up our fortified naval bases in Gibraltar, Malta, &c. This was, of course, a retort to Mr. George's demand that the Central Powers should give up Alsace, Posen, Galicia, Trentino, Transylvania, Syria, Palestine, Arabia, and Meso-

potamia. Moreover, it was not a demand, but a dialectical hint. Turning to Count Czernin, he makes no recognition whatever of the Count's acceptance of all Mr. Wilson's general terms, League of Nations, disarmament, economic peace, and freedom of the seas. [Does Mr. George accept the two last; does M. Clemenceau accept the first?] He harps on the fact that Count Czernin puts the restoration of Mesopotamia on the same footing as that of Belgium. [We agree that Belgium, as a neutral, stands in a category apart; but Mesopotamia and the German Colonies may be very fairly equated.] He then talks about liberating the Arabs of Mesopotamia from Turkish rule. Whenever did they ask for that? The net result of this slight, but most forbidding, reply to the two speeches will be, we fear, merely that Mr. George will be understood abroad to have made a specially emphatic claim to Mesopotamia. Is that all that our rulers are really thinking about? Are we to repeat Chatham's exploitation of the Seven Years' War to add to our own Empire?

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THE Ukrainian Rada has concluded a formal separate peace with the Central Powers. The chief significance of this defection of "Little Russia" from All the Russias is that it diminished to vanishing point such power of bargaining as Trotsky possessed. He has boldly drawn the conclusion, and has finally broken off the negotiations at Brest, thus ending "the state of war," while refusing to conclude peace. The Ukrainian Peace Treaty is for the most part a formal resumption of relations on the pre-war basis as it was in the old days of the Russian Empire. The old commercial treaties are resumed, and a clause which allows the Central Empires to give special favors to their allies, and accords the same right to Ukrainia in its commerce with the late Russian Empire, seems to imply that Ukrainia will not be an integral part of "Central Europe." This formula drives a coach-and-four through the traditional "most-favored-nation clause," and seems to prepare for a future economic war. Another interesting feature of the Treaty is that Ukrainia takes over her proportionate share of the Russian foreign debt. Evidently when a general peace comes, the Powers will be united against any Russian régime which repudiates external debts.

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THE Central Powers gain much by this peace with Ukrainia. It ends the war on Austria's eastern frontiers, and so satisfies in some sense the demands of the recent strike. It isolates Roumania, which is now caught between the Bolsheviks and the Centralists. An ultimatum has been sent to her, demanding negotiations for peace, and the Bratianu Ministry has been replaced by a Cabinet under General Averescu, whom German papers regard as a partisan of peace. Further, it may enable German and Turkish influence to penetrate much further through the Cossack country to the now independent Turco-Tartar States of Central Asia. Finally, it may lead eventually to some imports of grain and iron into Central Europe, though transport will be difficult, and it is doubtful whether, after war and civil war, even rich Ukrainia has any big surplus of corn. Meanwhile, however, the Bolshevik army is camped in Kieff, and a Bolshevik proclamation describes the Rada as a "sad memory." What will happen next? Will the Bolshevik forces quietly withdraw and accept the inevitable? Will the Germans give direct or only indirect aid to the Rada in restoring its ascendancy? And what, finally, becomes of the money and the military mission which the French Republic sent to aid the Rada against the Bolsheviks? The class war in the East is making nonsense of the war of the Great Powers.

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TROTSKY'S circular, *urbi et orbi*, supplies no real clue to his reasons for breaking off the Brest negotiations. He says that Russian workers cannot bring themselves to fight against German, therefore he ends the "state of war" and demobilizes the Russian army, which in point of fact has largely demobilized itself. He will not sign a treaty of peace with the Central Powers, for that would mean complicity in their Imperialist designs.

Evidently Trotsky took the militarist threats to renew the invasion of Russia seriously, and may have been disappointed in the results of the German strikes. He hopes in this way to disarm German militarism, while retaining the right still to combat it by polemics, agitation, and strikes. The chief consequence for us is that we cannot now wash our hands of the future of the Russian borderland, as our Imperialists hoped they might. The Polish Regency Council has meanwhile begun to set up a State Council, half elected by the Town Councils and half nominated. Its task will be to draft an electoral law for a Diet which will act as a Constituent Assembly. The elections, unhappily, will take place with German troops still in occupation. It does not follow that the Poles will not vote as they please. Sinn Fein is not much embarrassed by a "foreign" garrison.

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THE Roumanian Secret Treaty, summarized in the "Manchester Guardian" of February 8th, is not far behind the Italian model in its cynicism. It shows that it is untrue to say that Tzardom "bludgeoned" Roumania into belligerency. On the contrary, the Russian soldiers wisely thought her neutrality more useful than her active aid. M. Stürmer resisted her excessive territorial pretensions, especially to the Banat—a mixed district with a big and solid Serbian population. The London and Paris Cabinets, however, agreed without scruple to promise the Banat to Roumania. Russia then wished to insert a condition, prohibiting the Roumanianization of these Serbs. Even to this France demurred, and insisted on the prompt signature of the treaty without this condition. The sacrifice of the Serbs of the Banat is, however, only one of the offences of this treaty against nationality. It gives to Roumania all Hungary within the area bounded by the Theiss, the Danube, and the Pruth. This area includes countries on the east bank of the Theiss which have a population of 98 and 99 per cent. Magyar, also the solid Magyar and Saxon areas of Transylvania, and some Ruthenians. As nearly as we can reckon, the Roumanian population in the area to be annexed is less than 40 per cent. of the whole.

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THE "Petit Parisien" has published a set of documents, contributed by an anonymous informer, which would prove, if they were genuine, that the Bolshevik leaders were in German pay. The most damning of these documents is a circular from the German Imperial Bank, to the many German banks in Switzerland, dated March 2nd, 1917. It orders these banks to pay unlimited sums of money "for pacifist propaganda in Russia" to any of nine famed "propagandists in Russia," who are to send their drafts to these Swiss banks from Russia *via* Finland. The nine include Lenin and Zincrieff, who were then in Switzerland, and did not return to Russia till April; Kameneff, who was an exile in Serbia; and Trotsky, who was a fugitive in the United States. Trotsky, moreover, was not a Bolshevik at this time, and only joined the Lenin group after his return to Russia about midsummer. Note further, that the revolutionary riots and strikes began in Petrograd on March 8th, and did not succeed till March 12th.

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On March 2nd, the German Government, so far from expecting revolution, was dealing with Protopenoff on a separate peace. How could Berlin possibly foresee on March 2nd that a revolution would break out, and promptly succeed, and would enable these four leaders, then scattered over three continents, to come together in Russia so quickly, and that it was necessary to provide in advance for their supplies of money? Only a very clumsy conspirator would do his bribing by a circular letter, and arrange for payments to nine men in a large number of banks, specifying to all and sundry the nature of their services. Dark forces do not work so openly. We have to do here, not with a clumsy German conspirator, but a clumsy Russian forger. He forgot that German banks use the Gregorian calendar. When he wrote March 2nd, he meant March 15th—i.e., a date after the Revolution.

THE Prime Minister's unhappy treatment of the politics of Versailles was rather emphasized than corrected in the following debate on Mr. Holt's amendment to the address regretting the Versailles decision to confine itself to the prosecution of the war without any diplomatic advance. The great feature of the debate was not only the immensely preponderating Liberal and Labor support of Mr. Holt, but the sympathy of the Tory intellectuals in the persons of Lord Henry Bentinck and Colonel Aubrey Herbert. Both these members—Colonel Herbert in a speech of great brilliancy—denounced and repudiated the policy of the Knock-out blow. Were our Governments, asked Colonel Herbert, to go on behaving "like the lowest form of animals," "having no soul, no charity, and no Christianity in them," save what they reserved for their own peoples? He attacked the "brutish" Prussianism of the Northcliffe press, which called itself the soldier's friend, and yet made his task impossible by telling Germany that we should never have any mercy on her. Mr. Whyte made the astounding suggestion that in the same breath in which our statesmen were declaring that Austria had made no more advance towards us than the pan-Germans, we had approached her with the offer of a separate peace, detaching her from Germany. The negotiation was conducted between Count Mensdorff and a "very distinguished British statesman." If this is true—and it is fair to say that Mr. Balfour put in a caveat—it is another capital error of tactics, which we can set by the side of the Anglo-French loan to the Ukraine on the eve of her separate treaty with Germany.

* * *

MR. BALFOUR'S answering speech was, for its slipshod ignorance, a disgrace to his country and profession. He made two statements about the Czernin-Hertling speeches, both of which showed that he had not even read them! He said that Count Czernin was not prepared to accept "any" of President Wilson's waraims, and that he never referred to his terms. In such hands is the fate of millions of our youth and the world's. As everybody knows, and as Mr. Snowden showed in a crushing rejoinder, Count Czernin accepted several of Mr. Wilson's propositions, and dealt *seriatim* with everyone of them, as, of course, did Count Hertling. Lord Robert Cecil did not do much better. He repeated that the secret treaties were to be maintained, and that they were "thoroughly justifiable." As a set-off, he announced that the Foreign Office were drafting a scheme for a League of Nations. If the treaties are adhered to, Lord Robert may spare his breath. There will be no League of Nations. Moreover, we must at once ask whether the Government propose to set up the League of Nations as a true League of Peace, or as a mere continuation of the War-League of the Alliance, coupled it may be with a plan for the allocation of food and raw materials after the war. If the latter, we shall be farther off peace than we are to-day. Not only will Germany be excluded, but the neutrals; and we shall witness a mere hardening of the war-combination of to-day into a definite division of the world.

* * *

THE recent changes in the High Command were commented upon in both Houses on Tuesday. From Lord Curzon we learn that "the military representatives at Paris will be invested with greater powers as the time goes on." From Mr. Lloyd George we discover that "Versailles" has had executive powers conferred upon it, but we are not informed whether this means the whole Council or the permanent military staff. From another admission we infer that this executive power includes the disposal of the reserves of any one of the Allies for the benefit of any other. This means that the chief part of the force of the Army is no longer at the absolute disposal of that Army. The present system of defence involves a small body of men holding the front line, a larger body in support, and the reserves some distance back for the counter-attacks which are the essential feature of all defensive warfare. It is idle to suggest any *necessity* for such a change as the withdrawal of these reserves from

the control of the Commander-in-Chief. The first battle of Ypres involved the most intimate co-operation of the British and French in this very matter, and the situation was saved without transferring the command of the French reserves to the British. But it is difficult to understand how any General, not the Commander-in-Chief, can be invested with the final control of the reserves without granting him a continual direction of the army operations which cannot be carried out without assuming the reserve. Are we, then, faced with a *de facto* Generalissimo?

* * *

GENERAL SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON is, at the moment, in a position somewhat similar to that of General Freytag-Loringhoven, the Deputy Chief of the German General Staff. Actually, he and Sir Henry Wilson are supposed to be exercising the same functions, though General Wilson has more information put at his disposal. The theory behind the Supreme Council is that it regards all the fronts. But the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Sir William Robertson, holds that position, and unless he can be definitely constituted a Deputy Chief of Staff in the German sense, we have two officers who are supposed to be in control of the same sphere. It is a natural corollary that someone should go, and there seems to be little doubt that the Government would like to displace Sir William Robertson. There is at present a complete confusion of jurisdiction. We have an Imperial General Staff with a Chief. Over that is an inter-Allied Staff with a Chief. The first body regarded all the campaigns. The second was especially constituted to regard all the campaigns. Sir William Robertson is supposed to be the technical adviser of the War Cabinet, though he was only admitted to "the greater part of the purely military" discussions at the recent Conference, and General Wilson is the actual adviser of the War Cabinet's representative at the Supreme Council.

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THIS situation is impossible. If Mr. Lloyd George had secured the resignation of Sir William Robertson before his experiments in reconstruction, that at least would have been intelligible, though since the famous Paris speech we have had every reason to distrust the Prime Minister's judgment on military affairs. But what purpose is there, at the most critical moment in the whole of the war, in creating a state of confusion in the command that can only result in a complete lack of confidence? And what does Mr. George intend to do with Sir William Robertson? It is only the "Daily Mail" type of critic which suggests that Sir William has only looked at the Western Front. It was under his rule that Jerusalem and Baghdad were taken, and these can hardly be considered the result of "Western" operations. An impartial critic might suggest that he has suitably hit off the needs of the various campaigns with the resources at his disposal. The suggestion that he should have paid more attention to the East, and should do so now, receives its best commentary in the sudden discovery that the Western Front is now the critical front. It was so from the beginning, and the best we can say of the Supreme Council and of Sir Henry Wilson is that at last they seem to realize it.

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Politics and Affairs.

WASHINGTON OR VERSAILLES?

THE peoples of the Allied nations and of the civilized world have now two policies before them—a policy of renewed hope and of eventual deliverance, and a policy of pure negation and despair. The one message dates appropriately from the seat of the ancient glory of absolutist France; the other issues from the capital of Western democracy. The nations must choose between them, and we need not doubt what that choice will be. In his magnificent message, incomparably the ablest and the most enlightened State document issued since the war began, Mr. Wilson not only exhibits himself as a dialectician of unequalled skill and a master of the art and practice of diplomacy, but as the grand liberating force against the moral imprisonment of the war. His four Propositions form the groundwork not only of a possible Treaty, but of the only settlement which can truthfully be called a Peace. Their importance is twofold. They are a firm and definite rejection both of the scheme of individual and selfish bargaining which underlies the pan-German propaganda and the diplomatic method of Count Hertling, and of the counter-entanglement in which the Secret Treaties have involved the peoples of the Alliance. And they recite the preamble, the guiding principles and formulae, of the alternative instrument. The statesmen of the Entente cannot evade this double American attack on the old European order, and there is no reason why they should. They have welcomed the entry of the United States into the war, and have rightly declared it to be the mainstay of their cause. America has now stated, through the mouth of her and the world's greatest statesman, the terms on which she has yielded the intervention for which we all prayed. Mr. Wilson has cut the knot which they tied and fear to untie. He has declared (1) for a settlement in which each separate adjustment shall be directed to the larger purpose of a permanent general peace; (2) against the treatment of peoples as if they were pawns in the "game, now for ever discredited, of the Balance of Power"; (3) that the "interest" and "benefit" of populations must be the test of all the new territorial arrangements; (4) that the claims of nationality must be admitted, subject again to the general interest.

Now, let us see where this statement of principles, coupled with Mr. Wilson's refusal to "act as arbiter" in Europe's territorial disputes, leads us. It is, of course, fatal to the Hertling method of disposing of half Europe and then coming in to a League of Nations. So long as the Alliance stands it cannot allow Germany to make free with the peoples of the Baltic provinces or to hand the key of the Balkans to Turkey and Austria. If the world after the war is to exist as a society, rather than as a group of snarling nations on the prowl for prey or revenge, these matters must all come on the agenda of the World's Council. But so must the disposition of the German colonies. So must the future government of Asiatic Turkey and Poland. So must Albanian nationality and Abyssinian independence. America pronounces an equal doom on both these particularisms. Her intervention is for a world-peace; by that test, in spite of her association with our cause, or rather because of it, she has reserved her right to inspect every document and policy presented to her. The document which on examination she endorses is the engagement to restore Belgium. The Secret Treaties, with their scheme of forced annexations, in which Britain took her full share, she rejects, as violations of her prin-

ciples no less than of her own. Her finding is decisive of both undertakings. The one stands good; the others are irretrievably condemned. America, called in to pay the piper, has responded tactfully and politely, but with firmness, by calling the tune, and inviting the willing peoples to dance to it.

Now, we unaffectedly rejoice that this American intervention has come just in time to save Europe from her statesmen, and to secure a reasonable peace within a reasonable time. But we are not yet out of the wood, and it is therefore of the highest importance that Mr. Wilson's treatment of the existing diplomatic situation should have been so helpful and correct. The Versailles manifesto did not attempt to distinguish between Hertling and Czernin. It lumped both statesmen together in a single anathema. But the difference between them was obvious, and called for the discriminating treatment which the President has actually applied. Count Hertling offered the usual gambler's series of ambiguous propositions leading to or from the policy of no annexations, self-determination, the League of Nations, on the one hand, to or from the pan-German game of grab on the other. But Count Czernin took the definite ground of the *status quo*, with agreed variations, which seems to us the formula at which all reasonable men must arrive, provided Mr. Wilson's idea of a world-settlement can be woven on to it. He expressly confined his defence of German territory to Germany's pre-war possessions. He insisted on an independent Poland. He offered to America the agreement in principle which she has in fact acknowledged, if not accepted, and to which, in turn, Count Czernin cannot fail to respond. Even before his last message to Congress Mr. Wilson had thus all but achieved that isolation of the Liberal and Progressive elements in the Central Powers from the aggressive and reactionary ones which our own witless diplomacy has utterly failed to contrive.

There is the true prize of Allied statesmanship. Even if there is no difference of tone and feeling between the Austrian and German declarations, or if the Germany of Reventlow and the Germany of Scheidemann and Haase were really one block, the first duty of the Alliance would be to create the policy which in its turn would create such a schism. But it is a crime against humanity to ignore it when it is there, and to obstruct every avenue through which light may gain entrance to the world, while you pursue a policy that keeps Germany together and thus frustrates the gigantic endeavor of your own armies. It is this double effort at moral enlightenment and right action which is the glory of Mr. Wilson's message, in contrast with the crude and indiscriminating language of Mr. George. Roughly speaking, there have been three great landmarks of the Liberal advance in the Central Powers. The first was the Reichstag resolution against annexations. The second was the Czernin speeches. The third were the Austro-German strikes. It is a clear duty of direction to set these events in their right relationship, to show where the Hertling speech struck at the policy of a world settlement, and incidentally at the Parliamentary formula which made the new German situation, to exhibit in contrast the finer general ideas of Czernin, and his close approach to us on Belgium and Serbia, to go as far as honor will allow to meet the rising tide of conscience, the gathering force of reason and reconciliation, in democratic Germany. He who discharges this duty is our champion, no less than America's. The peoples and the armies will follow his word, and they will follow no other. Mr. Wilson leads the Allies to-day; he will lead the world to-morrow.

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But if the release of European civilization is to come finally through America, the other supporting force will be Labor, and it is there that our statesmanship, or what is left of it, must take its choice. It cannot think that it can go on much longer rationing the people with a war allowance not only of bread and of meat, but of Truth, of Liberty, and finally of Hope. For a society bereft of belief in the future, of all security for the enjoyment of the simplest elements of living, will speedily turn to the complete recklessness which was the legacy of Tsarism to New Russia.

"D'un siècle sans espoir nait un siècle sans crainte."

Now, are Mr. George and his like prepared to assist the rescuing army or to obstruct it? They themselves have no policy. They profess no ability to conclude the war, and the Versailles manifesto and Mr. George's following speech in the House of Commons sufficiently attest their aversion from peace. Mr. George and Mr. Balfour will not look to Count Czernin; they despise the Reichstag resolution; they reject the Christian aspirations of the Pope; in contrast with Mr. Wilson, they apply to every enemy pronouncement the familiar forensic plan of underlining the worse interpretation and scoring out the better. They and their Press keep Germany reactionary by telling her, in effect, that she has nothing to gain by being progressive. But Labor has a policy and a method. It is that of the International Conference of Socialism and trade unionism, pursued through the two stages of a meeting of the Allies and a gathering of Allies and belligerents. Is that to be turned down? It cannot be. For Labor represents the final power of "self-determination" in this war. It is the source of activity and recruitment for every one of our war energies, and should it, on the other hand, concentrate on a stop-the-war policy, the war stops. But no wise man courts a wild or a disorderly intervention. Is there then to be an orderly one? That is for the statesmen to say, and it is the one word that their tragic phraselessness and resourcelessness have left them.

THE PATCHWORK PEACE.

THE making of separate peaces has begun, and from this process there can emerge nothing better than the patchwork settlement which Mr. Wilson has so justly condemned. It would be objectionable that Germany and France should retire into a corner at the General Peace Conference to work out apart the conditions for the evacuation of the Northern Departments, or to "reconsider" the case of Alsace. The concerns of France are the interest of all civilization, and their settlement will affect the future peace of the whole world, as to-day it touches our sense of comradeship. If this reversion to the model of the Vienna Congress would be objectionable in the case of France, the conclusion of piecemeal settlements to-day upon the Eastern Front is an even greater offence against any ideal of international solidarity. The recognition by the Central Powers of an independent Ukrainian Republic may be an act that is destined to permanence. For our own part, we question whether the indefinite multiplication of minor States in Europe will make in the end for the stability of the international structure, or for the reality of their independence. We should have preferred a Federal Russia, as we prefer a Federal Austria, to the dismemberment of either. In the long run, it is the Ukrainians themselves who must freely decide this question. But for the world at large the treaty signed at Brest-Litovsk has neither validity nor finality. It will not be incumbent on us to recognize these frontiers or these terms. The place which the Ukraine and Poland are to hold in the future society

of nations must be determined by the whole family of peoples, when at last its representatives meet in Congress. Mr. Wilson has laid down this principle in his firm but admirably reasonable answer to Count Hertling. Its application is no less evident to Allied policy. The secret treaties were a device for taking out of the hands of the general assembly of nations at the settlement, the greater number of the territorial questions in dispute. Until a sponge is passed over that slate, the Governments of the Entente are committed to a peace of patches. This bartering and parcelling out of populations in secret is the principle of the Italian and Roumanian Treaties, and it is an offence against the international ideal as gross as anything which Count Hertling proposed. He claims that the Eastern Powers should alone settle the questions of the Russian border. That claim cannot stand against the duty which lies upon the rest of us to watch over the destiny of the Poles and their neighbors. But let us not forget that Western Powers in the secret treaties adopted the same attitude in an even cruder form. They promised to leave the disposal of the whole Eastern Front and the destinies of the millions of its people to the unchecked arbitrament of the late Tsar. Mr. Wilson stands to-day as the herald and preacher of international duty to the whole world. His lesson must be learned in London and Paris, as well as in Berlin and Vienna.

It is upon the rock of the Ukrainian question that the spirited attempt of the Bolsheviks to bring the Central Powers by reason and mass agitation to a democratic peace, has ultimately foundered. Had all the Russias stood united, they probably could have won something from the Central Powers at Brest. They had some moral and even some material cards in their hands. On the one hand, Count Czernin, after the Austrian strikes, had promised to bring back peace within a fortnight. He has kept his word, and it is the Ukraine which has enabled him to keep it. On the other hand, great hopes, however illusory they may be, had been built upon the food supplies which an early peace would release. One may doubt how far these hopes can be realized for many months to come, but if there is food to be had, it is in the Ukraine. Thus the defection of the Ukraine robbed the Bolsheviks of most of their bargaining power. Their hold lay rather on Austria than on Germany, and for Austria the Ukraine is the only part of Russia which need be taken into account. When Trotsky was confronted with a treaty signed and sealed, his audacious but hazardous play was, for the time being, ended. The Bolsheviks had, to be sure, attempted to forestall this stroke by invading the Ukraine in force. They had occupied Kieff, and announced that its Rada is now only "a sad memory." These dashing tactics can only have deepened their difficulties, for it is now inevitable that some Austro-German aid, direct or indirect, must be given to the Rada to restore it to the reality of its new sovereign status. The Ukraine might have been the natural ally of any free Great Russia. The fatal course of events has made her for the moment the dependent vassal of the Central Powers. She must invoke their aid to expel the Bolshevik invaders and thereby she must fall, at least, temporarily under their control.

In this matter Bolshevik policy has been reckless and ill-advised, but it is of a piece with all Great Russian policy towards the Ukraine. The old Tsars destroyed its historic autonomy. The modern Tsardom sought to crush out its very language. The repression was indeed so complete, the stifling of the people's voice so successful, that to most of us the revelation of the intensity of Ukrainian nationalism came last year as a surprise. In the first months of the Revolution the Cadets pushed their ideas of centralization so far that the Ukrainians began to doubt whether they could count securely even on a moderate form of Home Rule. That drove them to determined self-assertion, and Kerensky, balancing as he always did, between his own instinctive Liberalism and his desire to avoid a breach with the Cadets, failed to reach any happy settlement with the Ukraine. The Bolsheviks did but force to an issue the hostility which already existed. They chose to call the Ukrainian Rada

[February 16, 1918.]

"middle class." It is, in fact, overwhelmingly Socialist, and has already nationalized the land without compensation to the owners. This Rada does undoubtedly represent the people, if the elections to the Constituent Assembly are a fair test. In the long run, we imagine that the virtual separation of the Ukraine from Great Russia, save perhaps for diplomatic, military, and tariff purposes, is inevitable. Like all the rest of the South, it dreads the infiltration into its rich lands of the landless peasantry of the North. It objects to the Russian ideal of "share and share alike" in the matter of the land, for this means the regulated migration of peasants from the more densely into the more sparsely peopled areas. Land explains most big events in Russia. It explains the "counter-revolutionary" tendencies of the big Cossack farmers, and it explains the separation of the Ukraine.

The highly original formula by which Trotsky has ended Russia's war without making peace, alters very little in the position in the East. It means, as we read it, an indefinite prolongation of the armistice. Trotsky's idea is, we suppose, that in this way he deprives the German militarists of any plausible excuse for renewing their invasion or repeating their threats. He must have realized that the risk of another forward march was real, and he has hit on a device which may disarm the General Staff. The truce, which is neither peace nor war, may endure, we suppose, until the day of a general settlement. In the meanwhile, the Bolsheviks may still hope for a renewal, at each effort, with somewhat greater effect, of the "down tools" movement in Germany, and they may still try to promote it. But Trotsky, we are afraid, has lost his dramatic vantage ground, and the Bolsheviks are no longer the aggressive van of a movement which might have become general. One feels that for some unexplained reason they suddenly lost their nerve. What was this reason? Was it dissension between the dashing Trotsky and the more moderate Lenin? Was it disappointment at the failure of the German strikes to achieve anything of immediate value? Was it a perception that the Ukrainian Rada had spoiled the game? Or was it that events have happened or possibilities opened up in Russia itself of which as yet we know nothing? Whatever Soviets may say under the influence of oratory and music, one doubts whether the peasant masses in Russia would have tolerated a renewal of the war. Trotsky could not expect to go on invading the Ukraine and stirring up strikes in Vienna and Berlin without incurring the risk of a return blow from the mailed fist.

One thing the Bolsheviks have attained by their sudden change of front. They have thwarted the sinister calculation of certain Western Imperialists that peace will be easier for us if the Central Powers are allowed to find their compensation in the East. If Trotsky had stooped in the end to conclude a definite peace on undemocratic lines at Brest, eager voices in London and Paris would have said very promptly that we wash our hands of Russia. That can no longer be said. To say it at all would be to evade the real question. What is at stake on this Eastern Border is not merely a Russian interest, but the future of the Polish race and its neighbors. It is a wise gesture on Trotsky's part which deprives the Germans of any quasi-legal satisfaction for what they may now do in Warsaw, Vilna, and Riga. Trotsky may still hope for a mass movement which will bring the hour for revision. He may be right, though we are not sanguine. In any event he has kept the question open. It is open for the voice of organized Labor to pronounce upon it, when it meets in Conference, as it will meet, certainly in London, and also, we hope, in Switzerland. It is open for the final pronouncement of the Peace Conference. There are purely Russian interests to be considered—her access to the Baltic ports, for example; but above all these are the interests of the Lettish and Polish peoples who are now confined within frontiers which reproduce nothing more rational than the accidental lines of the trench war. The record of our Western dealings with Russia from the distant day in 1906 when we and the French ruined the prospects of the first Duma by lending money to the Tsar midway in his struggle with his people, down

to the last exploit of the French Republic in subsidizing the Ukraine to conduct a civil war, is in all its detail of cynicism and stupidity too painful for review. We will not rehearse it. Our demand is that it be reversed. Russia has refused to make an undemocratic separate peace. That means that we cannot wash our hands of her. If we desire more sobriety in her policy, an end of these reckless interventions in Finland and the Ukraine, and a reconciliation of parties which will enable an elected assembly to meet, the condition of such an evolution is that we so act as to dispel her belief that the "capitalist governments" of the West are leagued in a fatal antagonism to the Revolution. For that belief our Press and our diplomacy are to blame. It has driven the Russians to reckless courses, much as the like belief drove France to extremes in 1792. The refusal to "recognize" an effective government (as Pitt refused to recognize the Republic) is always an error, for it warns that government to expect further and more serious manifestations of ill-will. Mr. Wilson alone seems to understand the problem. He is a great leader, but it is not flattering to European self-respect that our rulers should fall so immeasurably below him.

THE POLITICAL CONSEQUENCES OF THE GERMAN STRIKES.

It is reasonable to say that although the German strike movement was in fact a failure, the declaration of Versailles came just in time to show to that always large body of doubtful souls among the strikers that it would have made no difference had it been a complete success. Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that by that declaration the leaders of the Entente Powers have convincingly shown that they have no policy and are supremely uninterested in internal developments in Germany, it may be still worth while to consider the political facts and the possible political consequences of the strike movement within Germany. That these are for the moment nullified by the Versailles declaration is true; but that German opinion, which reasonable men in England have to meet if this butchery is not to become endemic in Europe, will not believe that its counterpart in England will suffer the policy of Versailles to be maintained. German Liberals and German Labor must now remember that Czernin addressed Wilson, and that Mr. Wilson has made a sufficient reply. And even the peace with the Ukraine will have to produce very speedy material results if it is sensibly to relieve the democratic pressure on the German Government. Only if the Versailles policy is maintained, and the policy of Washington turned down, will that pressure weaken into the bitterness of resignation and disillusion.

The German strikes, considered merely as strikes and not as symptoms, were serious. By January 30th, in Berlin, 350,000 out of a total of 700,000 workers were out. At Kiel and Hamburg the stoppage in the dock-yards was complete; so was the stoppage of the munition works at Nuremberg and Fürth in Bavaria, where the transport workers joined. The pits at Bochum, in spite of the official assurances that no strike existed, were almost without exception idle. But it would be lost labor to attempt to collate all the details which have emerged through the iron veil of the German censorship. The best evidence of the seriousness of the strikes—evidence that is quite irrefutable—is the fact that the Majority Socialists were compelled to support and identify themselves with the movement. The Majority Socialists do not like the idea of a strike; they are very much like the ordinary patriotic labor men in other belligerent countries who try to believe in their Governments. They came into the strike because there was nothing else for it. They were faced with the prospect of losing all control over their own electorate, and seeing the leadership of the whole working-class movement pass into the hands of the Independents. Nor were they entirely deprived of the sympathy of the bourgeois parties of the

Reichstag Majority by their action. The Radicals, at least, discreetly eulogized them for doing their best to control the movement, and when on January 31st the Commander of the Mark of Brandenburg issued his order dissolving the committee of sixteen on to which Scheidemann, Ebert, Haase, and Ledebour had been co-opted, the "Münchener Neueste Nachrichten," the great Liberal organ of Bavaria, pointed out that the prohibition was "a double-edged weapon," which had the effect "of putting out of action an important instrument for calming the strikers." But weightier words than these were being spoken in Bavaria. In a debate in the Diet the Prime Minister, von Dandl, turned to the Socialist members and publicly thanked them for the work they had done in keeping the movement under political control, while the Kaiser himself, replying to the birthday congratulations of King Ludwig, made a meaning reference to the burden which fell on the political leaders who were busy with maintaining the unity of the people.

Now, these words do not mean that anyone in authority in Germany winked at the strikes. German authorities do not wink at strikes. But they do mean that certain of these authorities at least are not blind to the dangers of thrusting, or allowing others to thrust, the Socialist Majority into open opposition. Suppression by means of the intensified state of siege and the rigors of martial law, or by sentencing Dittmann to five years in a fortress, may appeal to the Prussian military mind as the proper means of dissipating a strike movement, but the civil Government is aware that the causes of the movement have, to some extent, to be remedied. To suffer the Majority Socialist to be dragooned into opposition would merely be the most direct way of aggravating the causes, seeing that every sane German knows that the Majority Socialists have done all that is humanly possible for ordinary Radicals to do to support their country. To yield to the pan-German and reactionary cry, "Los von der Sozialdemocratie," would be an open confession that the peaceable pretensions of the Government were humbug. We may take it for certain that the German Government and the non-Socialist Majority Parties will do a good deal to avoid this.

There is no doubt that the Versailles declaration has made the path of the Government easier; but it will not make it perfectly smooth, because the discontent does not proceed solely from a belief that it is only the obstinate refusal of the Government to declare its intentions with regard to Belgium which prevents peace. That unrest is aggravated by the treatment of the Prussian Franchise Reform Bill in the Prussian Diet. There the National Liberals have been taking the lead, even from the Prussian Conservatives, in obstructing the reform. They have proposed that the Bill for the reform of the Herrenhaus, by which the powers of that body with regard to money bills are considerably increased, shall be taken before the Bill for the reform of the franchise, and, of course, they have carried their motion. On the most critical day of the strike, as "Vorwärts" bitterly remarked, the Prussian Diet was discussing "whether a Crown Prince on attaining his majority should be admitted *ipso facto* to the Upper House, or whether he was first to be summoned thereto by the King." The Versailles declaration that Czernin's speech contained no approach to peace is a complete *post factum* justification of Hertling's speech, in so far as it was addressed to the Entente, and the German Government points to it, with a good show of reason, as plain evidence that it is useless and therefore impossible to make any concession to the Socialists with regard to peace. But in so far as the democratic demands concern domestic politics, the defence will not avail. The Government sees this. The official "Norddeutsche" declared on February 1st that if the strikers put forward purely domestic demands, it would be a step forward which the Government could consider meeting, and rubbed the point in cleverly by declaring that it was obvious that a Government which was careful to leave the door open for an understanding with its bitter enemies in the field, would, *a fortiori*, be only too willing to meet the Socialist Majority once more.

And the Government is certainly sincere in the desire. How to give effect to the desire is another

matter, seeing that the majority of the reactionary parties who are indefatigable in exploiting the strike movement against the Majority Socialists would probably sooner see the return of the *status quo ante* than the introduction of a democratic franchise into Prussia. The primary aim of the enormous agitation of the Vaterlandspartei, which in the opinion of Friedrich Naumann was one of the principal causes of the strike, is to safeguard their domestic privilege by driving the Socialist into their old exile on the patriotic issue. The result is that the German Government still has to make a choice of some kind between reaction and political concession. It may try to mitigate the action of the military in dealing with the strikes by making some effort to bring pressure to bear on the Prussian Diet, and it may be that at the meeting between the Chancellor, von Payer, Wallraf, and Drews on the one side, and Scheidemann, Ebert, Haase, and Ledebour on the other, on February 1st some such bargain was struck. This is the demand which is put forward by "Vorwärts" on February 5th:

"The Government must bring its whole influence to bear that the Franchise Bill may receive different treatment. The Government can pass this Bill if it has a mind to. It has as a last resort the power to dissolve Parliament. Here is the chance to do something if the will is there. The interests of the country demand urgently that something shall be done."

Short of dissolving the Diet the Government will have, if this demand is to be met, to coerce or persuade the National Liberal Party in the Diet. By a meaning coincidence, on the same day that the Socialist leaders and the Government met, a manifesto was published by distinguished National Liberals throughout Germany calling upon the party in the Diet to pass the Franchise Bill in "the urgent national interest." But there is little reason to suppose that the National Liberals have enough Liberalism left in them to make the sacrifice. If they do not make it, then it will probably prove impossible to detach the Centrum and the Progressives from the Majority Socialists, and so accomplish the Jingo aim of breaking up the Reichstag Majority. The fact that the National Liberals of the Reichstag absented themselves from the meeting of the Majority parties on February 5th indicates that the attempt has failed. If the Centrum stands firm, the Reichstag Majority will not lose but gain by the defection of the National Liberals, who only joined it for the purpose of spying out the land and making reports accordingly to the Jingo and reactionary Right. But, though the Reichstag Majority will probably refuse to be stampeded by the National Liberals to the Right, and will prefer parting company with the National Liberals to deserting the Majority Socialists, in the face of the Versailles challenge, "No negotiation," it will be tempted to modify its outward profession, if not its inward faith, on the question of peace. "Germania" already talks of "a free hand in the West." It is Mr. Wilson who now provides the hope that the Reichstag Majority will not be broken up, nor the Socialists driven into opposition. The peace movement which the Versailles declaration had crippled has been restored by his allocution, and should now grow into irresistible strength.

WHAT IS VICTORY?

In no other war has there been such a confusion in standards of achievement. The Central Empires claim to be victorious, and the claim has never been repudiated by the Allies. In this, indeed, they are more logical than the enemy, for victory is a purely relative term, and what would have been so regarded in times gone by now sinks into a minor episode of the world-wide struggle. There have been great advances and disorderly retreats, the occupation of vast areas of the opponent's territory, the capture of numbers of his troops greater than the total forces which fought in former wars, without any apparent influence upon the final purpose of the opposing armies. In some obscure

way there has recently grown up among the Allied peoples a feeling of depression and discontent with their position, and the conclusion of peace between the Central Empires and the Ukraine will probably increase it. How far is this depression justified?

There is one obvious way to account for this feeling. If we have proposed to ourselves an impossible end, sooner or later depression must come and must remain. If we have spent all our resources without approaching the purpose we have in view, that would be another justification for the present mood. But we cannot discover the exact foundations of our discontent, and whether or not it is reasonable, unless we have some standard of victory. It is obvious, at the outset, that victory is merely the term which covers the admission of the enemy that he can no longer resist the domination of your will. The armed forces of the State are kept in being simply to secure the nation's right to self-determination. War is designed to impose the will of the victor upon the vanquished, and the war will be bitterly contested in proportion as the clash of wills is fundamentally opposed.

It is clear, then, that victory must be a varying thing. In the eighteenth century the conception of victory was very different from what it must be now. The defeat of an army in battle led to some sort of readjustment; a period of preparation ensued, and then there were more battles. The struggle was between armies, and these were very small samples of the nation. To-day, it is whole nations which fight, and the manner of waging war and the character of its ending must depend upon this essential difference. It is unthinkable that the life of the world can be periodically arrested. Our political end is therefore sufficiently well marked, and this notion must lie behind the plans of our Generals. If we would know what victory means we can best realize it in the treaty of peace signed by the Ukraine. The Central Powers had not killed a very great proportion of the Russian armies; but they had so gravely interrupted the rhythm of Russian national life that the whole machinery was thrown out of gear and the Russians felt it imperative to begin the work of reconstruction. That, under the present system, is really the guiding purpose of armies. At one period of history to seize the enemy's capital was enough to bring him to terms. In the present war the capture of his industrial centres constitutes the vital blow. But in the case of Powers centrally situated like the enemy, such centres can be virtually invaded and ruined without a soldier approaching them.

No one has hitherto worked out the problem of modern warfare. The vast increase in armies, and the consequent expenditure of material, impose a strict term to the continuance of war. Thus if the Central Powers are cut off from the sea, they are doomed to defeat. The fact that they do not yet admit it simply means that the military party still think that they can break "the siege," and they will derive strength in their contention from the peace with the Ukraine. If the resources of Russia could be made available rapidly at the same time that the U-boat warfare more or less completely cut our communications, there would be something to say for that position, though the raw materials upon which an industrial State depends are still in the hands of the Allies. But Prince Lichnowsky has been telling his friends some candid truths, and one of these is that, since Germany cannot do the impossible, the peace with the Ukraine will make little difference. Even if the difficulty of transport could be completely overcome, it is hard to see how the Ukraine can spare sufficient food to help materially 120,000,000 people, not to mention the peoples of Northern Russia and the Scandinavians. But if this be the case and if it be true that the submarine campaign can inflict no decisive blow upon us within a limited space of time, the Central Powers will still hunt in vain after peace by way of victories in the field. This is the only sane view which a detached student can take of the situation. Clearly, we must maintain armies in the field; clearly, the offensive may be our best defensive. But the Allies hold even in land more than the enemy. They hold his harbors and his communications with the outer world, whereas our own have not so far been

critically hampered. The pressure of the Allies, instead of weakening, is really growing stronger. Mr. Wilson is now arranging to control all exports through licences. Such a system would be the last tempering of the edge of the economic weapon.

If the Central Powers are to emerge victorious from this war they must break this war boycott. It is inconceivable that they should win such a victory, for in no case can they touch the New World. The need for decisive victories in the field is the enemy's, though, as we suggest, their influence upon the situation can only be slight. It is our business to prevent such victories, while conserving as much as possible the normal rhythm of life. The steps in the Allies' victory were the Marne, with its corollary of Ypres, which held off the enemy from the chief Allied centres; the blockade; and the world boycott which followed the institution of the unrestricted submarine campaign. In a remarkable Swedish book, "*Skulden*" (The Blame), the authoress regards militarism as definitely and for ever defeated by the strength of the defensive. If we include the economic boycott with the defensive, there is much to be said for the position, though it is difficult to see how defensive lines could be maintained against every combination of aggressive power. But it is obvious that we cannot conquer the cruder militarism which looks to the victory of armed forces merely by greater armed forces. This success would merely establish militarism. The economic boycott, assisted by sufficient force to cope with any army in the field, must in the end prevail. And, sooner or later, the Central Powers must recognize this central fact of the war: even if, as we suspect, they do not recognize it already.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

DARK as is the sky, the light from the West penetrates its gloom. Mr. Wilson's last message is the best he has ever delivered. No living statesman possesses anything like his power of sustained elevation in argument, and of the close, persistent application of thought to practical policy. The effect of the speech on political society (if I may judge by my own experience and by the practically universal verdict of the House of Commons as far as I could gather it) is profound. Already it has brought men into the open who would never have spoken; and we may look to see it knit together all the reconcilable elements of the quarrel, point them the path of accommodation, and provide them precisely with the kind of formulæ that they can use as the groundwork of a peace. And not peace next year or the year after. The Wilson pattern is so devised that it might be put on the machine, as it were, to-morrow. Even Jingoes are relieved to think that through the American intervention comes the hope of cutting the entanglement of the Treaties. The statesmen concerned will not, or cannot, do it. Honor, rooted in dishonor, keeps them falsely true.

BUT all are willing to take America's friendly forcible lead. Of course we ought long ago to have been by her side. An Anglo-American declaration of disinterestedness virtually ends the war. With it, the moral isolation of German Junkerdom is complete, and its flank is open to the world's assault, led by Germany's own people and Germany's disgusted and outraged Ally. That is the great, the supreme, act of politic renunciation for which this crucified world of ours waits. Unhappily, there is no British statesman big enough to consummate it. There is no disguising the essential differences between

Mr. Wilson's policy and aims and those of our Government; and Mr. George's and Lord Robert Cecil's later speeches merely emphasize, and even aggravate, them. That is one reason among a hundred why the country must awake to the truth about the situation, and dismiss the men who at once conceal and resist it. Democratic England does not look to these men; it looks to Mr. Wilson. But it ought to be able to trust its own governors instead of stretching its hand across the Atlantic, and seeking there the only intellectual and moral guidance it receives.

MANY eye-witnesses have described Tuesday night's scene in the Commons to me; all agree that it marked so great a decline in the Prime Minister's relations with the House as almost to forbid a good renewal of them. Originally cool, it became openly and almost violently hostile. It was irritated from the first by the way the Prime Minister treated Mr. Asquith's very temperate interpellation. Mr. Asquith asked Mr. George to explain if a Council which was not originally an executive body had become one, and what "enlargement" of powers it had received. Mr. George chose to treat this as a demand for a disclosure of military plans. But the House's change in mood dated from the passage when the Prime Minister began to talk of Mr. Asquith as if he were a kind of Bolo. Then, as Mr. Asquith rose, the pent-up anger showed itself in a demonstration, in which (contrary to the obvious falsifications of the "Times" and the "Mail") the whole House, and no mere section of it, seemed to join. The cheers rose again and again, as if they would never stop. No Prime Minister has ever been read such a lesson. But Mr. George showed no power of recovery. His speech grew more hysterical and less coherent in tone; establishing no clear point of policy, and slipping into a heated colloquy with his many interrupters. When he left the unhappy Mr. Law to wrestle with the ensuing debate, a good many members thought that the Government might come to an end in a week. The judgment was not sustained; but of the Prime Minister's personal credit little now survives. The House has been misled, and naturally it resents such treatment. But its distrust is cumulative. The Versailles Manifesto and the Beaverbrook appointment, the steady assault on Jellicoe and the Generals, and the continuing friction with them, the tactless isolation from American policy, the web of newspaper intrigue which wraps this Government round like a garment, and the feeling that the Prime Minister's character and personality are far beneath the tremendous need of the hour, are all elements in the general attitude of the Commons to him.

On the question of the command he is, I think, substantially rebuffed. The Northcliffe Press has turned its pop-guns off Sir William Robertson, and turned them on Mr. Asquith. The Generals have not resigned, and they can hardly be dismissed. Sir William Robertson will therefore not leave the War Office, though I imagine he might, if he liked, have gone to Versailles if only Sir Henry Wilson could have replaced him at Whitehall. Nor can any catamount expedition be allowed to weaken the main force of the British Armies. Whether the Versailles Council has really undergone the "enlargement" that Mr. George designed I rather doubt; whether it is a supreme War Executive, whether, in fact, this mighty Empire and

all its interests are really in the hands of a junta of generals sitting in a foreign capital, is more than I can say. But the House will insist on knowing more than it knows to-day. These double somersaults of our nimble *saltimbanque* no longer serve.

I HOLD no brief for the "Morning Post," but I think I express a general opinion when I say that the action against its editor and Colonel Repington will be closely watched. It may turn on some indiscretion of statement and come to a speedy close. Or, again, it may develop into a great State trial, and high personages may come to it as witnesses, as Pitt and Fox came into the State trials of the French Wars, and raise great issues of freedom and policy. We shall see. But the whole dispute is evidence of the growing distraction in our affairs. If that goes on, there is nothing for it but a quick resort to Lord Hugh Cecil's suggestion of a new and truly National Government. Some reduction of these jars there must be, and soon.

MEANWHILE, there are trials and trials. I must not say anything about the sentence on Mr. Bertrand Russell, for it is subject to appeal. But is it not time for our rulers to realize what sort of man, and what sort of writing, are more and more falling under the ban of our Dogberries and high justiciaries? Everybody who knows Mr. Russell knows that he would not hurt a fly, though he would freely give his body to be burned in any cause that he thought to be a righteous one. Everybody who knows modern English literature and the personalities behind it knows that while he is the most sincere and disinterested of men, he is also one of our best prose writers, and that whatever he says comes under the bond of conscience, however widely it may seem to stray from the merely prudent man's view of living. I know other people of the same elevation of mind and character who have suffered, or are suffering, in the same way as Mr. Russell. Is all right with the State that comes down on the literary eccentricities and extravagances of such men, and lets the immense rubbish-heap of coarsely conventional writing go, positively harmful and cruel as it often is? Supposing it is rather nearer the line that the State has prescribed? Is it more helpful? Is the character that is behind the work of a man like Mr. Russell, or the character that is behind the writing in, say, the "Weekly Dispatch," the better asset to the nation? And is there not something wrong in the complete immunity that one sort of political reflection has secured, as compared with the penalties heaped on the other?

So Lord Beaverbrook is to be Minister of Propaganda after all, adding to his general Cure of Souls the little parish of spiritual patronage which goes with the Duchy of Lancaster. To a nice taste, perhaps, the entrusting to the controller of the "Express" of the business of setting out the British case for the war might seem a little like presenting the devout Catholic with a Mormon Elder for Pope. But we are used to having this kind of ruler put over us; and when this lost star of Canada joins the War Cabinet, and the *clarum nomen* of Bottomley appears on the list, we shall all feel that (save for Mr. Handel Booth's vacant stall) the chivalry of Mr. Lloyd George's Round Table is complete.

I SAW Abdul Hamid on the last Selamlık but one that he ever held in Constantinople, and I shall not

readily forget his appearance as he stood at the window of the palace by the pretty little mosque, the sun shining on the pennons and lances of his magnificent Albanian cavalry and the gay uniforms of his pashas and eunuchs. His cheeks were painted, his beard curled and dyed; and as he fingered it his gaze searched every figure in the little group of Giaours in the balcony by his side. With his great hooked nose and crafty eyes, he made a perfect stage villain, but there was enough character in the face to give it dignity, and even fascination. His power was gone; yet he looked a King, and when he had got over his first nervous examination of the company, bore himself like one. In a few days he was a prisoner.

My readers may be glad to learn that though the appeal to the House of Lords on the Zadig case failed, THE NATION has at last succeeded in its effort to obtain the release of Mr. Zadig, who is now a free man. I have received the following letter from him:—

"I wish to thank you and your readers for the great kindness and public spirit which you have shown me in connection with my appeal to the House of Lords."

"I am sure you will be glad to hear that your efforts have been ultimately successful as they have secured the re-hearing of mine and other cases, and this has resulted in the liberation of myself and others."

"I also beg to express my thanks to my solicitors, Messrs. Warren & Warren, for the able way in which they handled the case."

My readers may well ask why, if Mr. Zadig has thus been released, he was ever put into confinement, and what possible defence the authorities can put up for their action in suspending the Constitution of the Realm in order to imprison an innocent man and save themselves from the trouble of proving him guilty of—something or other? I may add that the total costs of the case have been somewhat larger than was anticipated, and that a balance of some £76 remains. Perhaps those who intervened to secure the justice that has now been partially attained will help me to clear off the ensuing debt.

"PHILIP JOHNSTON" (B.E.F.) sends me the following tourists' guide to the battlefield:—

Ladies and gentlemen, this is High Wood, Called by the French, Bois des Fourneaux, The famous spot which in Nineteen Sixteen, July, August, September, was the scene Of long and bitterly contested strife, By reason of its high commanding site. Observe the effect of shell-fire on the trees Standing and fallen; here is wire; this trench, For months inhabited, twelve times changed hands; (They soon fall in), used later as a grave. It has been said on good authority That in the fighting for this patch of wood Were killed somewhere about eight thousand men, Of whom the greater part were buried here, This mound on which you stand being . . .

Madam, please, You are requested kindly not to touch Or take away the Comp'ny's property As souvenirs: you'll find we have on sale A large variety, all guaranteed. As I was saying, all is as it was, This is an unknown British officer: The tunics having lately rotted off. Please follow me—this way . . . the path sir. *please*, The ground which was secured at great expense The company keeps absolutely untouched, And in that dug-out (genuine) we provide Refreshments at a reasonable rate. You are requested not to leave about Paper or ginger-beer bottles, or orange-peel. There are waste-paper baskets at the gate."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

BY AN UNKNOWN DISCIPLE.

It was full summer before the disciples returned to Capernaum. Judas Iscariot was the last to come in. As I went down the Way of the Sea I met him at the fork of the road stalking along from Rameh. His flesh had fallen away from his bones, and his face was gaunt and grim. Some purpose seemed to fill his mind and drive him forward, for his features worked as he walked, and he talked to himself. When I greeted him he stopped and looked at me half-bewildered as if he had never seen my face before, and then suddenly he seemed to fit me into a place in his memory, for he called out eagerly:

"Is Jesus at Capernaum?" And when I said that he was he forged forward again as if his purpose so filled his mind that there was room for nothing else. His eyes were bent on some point far ahead of him, and, like a dog on a trail, he made straight for that. He walked so fast that it was hard to keep up with him. Once he turned to me, and said:

"What is he doing?" And when I answered

"He is working at his trade," his eyes darkened and he muttered:

"He works at his trade when Israel is perishing." He did not speak again, but went forward faster than before.

When we reached Capernaum Judas turned aside for no one. Though several men spoke to him he paid no heed to their greetings, but made straight for the house of Jesus. And, behold when we reached it the courtyard was empty and the space under the palms where the ox yokes were stacked vacant. The door of the house was shut and there was no one about. But Judas, after a glance or two around like a dog seeking scent, made for the beach, and here we found Jesus with three or four other men. The men, bent on their daily tasks, were about to launch a boat when Judas, travel-worn and thin, his beard and every line of his weary face heavy with dust, burst into their peace. They stopped their work and stared at him as if something in his aspect struck fear into them.

But Jesus, seeing him, spoke:

"You have just returned?"

"I have somewhat to say to you," Judas answered.

"When did you last eat?" Jesus asked him, but Judas brushed the question aside, his mind so set on his purpose that he was regardless of his bodily weariness.

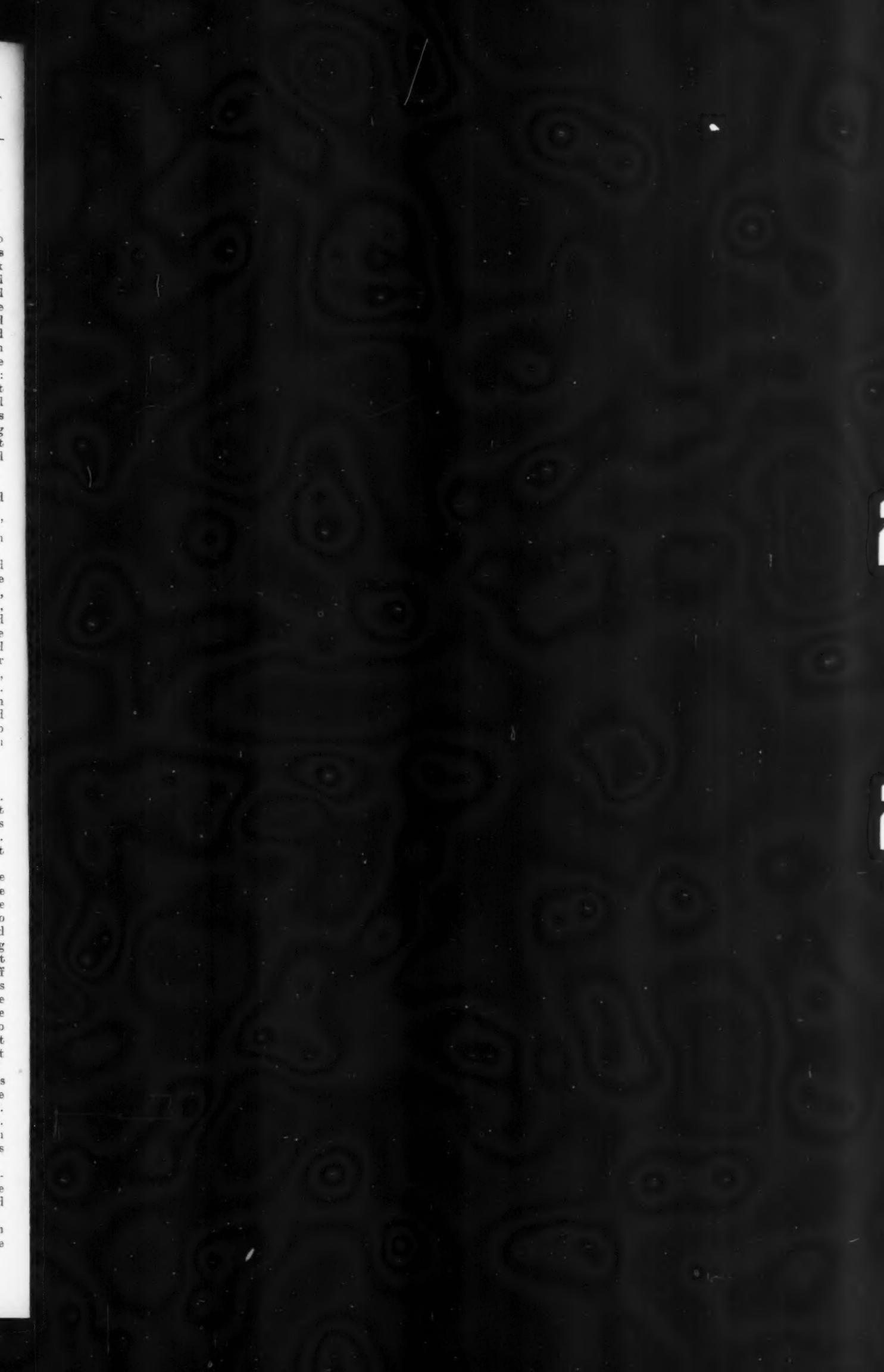
"I do not remember. This morning. What matter!" he said. "Where can we talk?"

"I was going to the other side of the lake. Come apart with me and rest awhile," said Jesus, and he put his shoulder to the boat, and I helping, we pushed her off. As she took the water I jumped in to steady her, and Judas followed. The other men would have clambered in, too, but Jesus put them aside, saying Judas would speak with him alone, and so they gave it up, and when Jesus had got in, helped to push us off with oars. Whether it was that they thought I was joined with Judas on his business, or whether they were used to seeing me with Jesus I know not, but they made no remark on my presence, and, indeed, the boat so quickly slid into deep water that I could not have got out of it if I would without leaving her guideless. So it came about that I heard what Judas had to say.

The wind was fresh, and Jesus and I set the sail. Judas did not help, but sat in the stern silent and absorbed while the boat raced across the blue lake to the other side. Here we landed, and tied the painter to a great stone. Jesus brought bread and dates from the boat, but when he had climbed to the wide grassy plain above us, Judas would not eat.

"Later," he said, and, for a time, he lay face downwards on the bleached grass as if he thought of what he had to speak. Then suddenly he sat upright, and turned his haggard face to Jesus.

"Master," he said, "I have preached the kingdom as you told me. Throughout all Galilee I have found the





same misery and slavery. Everywhere the hold of the Romans is tightening. Our statesmen do not care. They will never win us back our freedom. In a short time it will be too late."

His voice broke, and he covered his eyes with his hands. At the sight of his woe a lump came into my throat, and I turned away my head, but the tranquillity that lay in the eyes of Jesus did not waver. He sat patient, helping Judas with silence till he should recover himself.

In a moment Judas had mastered himself. He uncovered his eyes, and looked Jesus straight in the face.

"When I asked you before, you turned a deaf ear to me. But now I have seen the misery of the people, their oppression and starvation. Will you not listen? You alone can free them. You have but to lift your hand, and thousands will flock to you. Never has there been such a ferment. The people will follow you anywhere, even to death."

His voice was hoarse with passion, and he pleaded as a man pleads for what he desires most upon earth.

"I cannot do it myself," he said. "The people will not follow me. I lack something. I have not the power to win men's hearts as you have, Master. And you care for them. You have seen their misery. Will you not help? Restore to us our nation."

A great compassion shone in the eyes of Jesus, and there was reverence in his voice as he answered:

"Judas, it is not the way. Listen. Once before this temptation came upon me. When the message first came to me, when I looked round on the world and saw men as they are, and God told me to tell them what they might be, then I was driven into the wilderness, and there I fought with devils. God gives the message. It is for the Messenger to learn how to deliver it. Your question was before me, Judas, and to find an answer I wrestled with the powers of evil. All the kingdoms of this world and their splendor seemed to pass before me, and a voice within me said: 'These will all acknowledge your kingdom, and the rule of the God who sent you. But you must first unite the people and drive out those who stop them from living as God would have them live. Then will God have the kingdom, the power, and the glory.' In my soul I pondered, and then I saw the meaning of the devil that spoke within me, and I said: 'Oh, Satan, if I by your evil help drive out evil, then will you be Ruler and not God. I will not fall down and worship you. For if I by force drive out force, will not the strong reign? And if I by cruelty drive out cruelty, will not the cruel be master?' I tell you, No, Judas, I will never hand this world over to the Master of cruelty and force. It is not the way."

He ceased speaking. Judas did not answer. He sat silent, shaken, but not convinced; his body crouched together, and in his stress he gnawed his knuckles. Suddenly he looked up from beneath his pent brows, and said:

"Under our present rule the people starve. It is in your power to give them liberty. If you will not have them fight for that high ideal, will you lead, that they may have bread?"

Jesus put the taunt aside, and answered gently:

"That temptation, too, has been before me. God has given me power, but if I use my power to give bread only I should be a traitor. Man does not live by bread alone, but by the breath of God within him. If God gather to himself his spirit and his breath all flesh would perish and man turn into dust. No, Judas; neither is that the way. Men must seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things will be added to them."

Judas was not vanquished. His head drooped on his chest, and with one hand he plucked restlessly at the tufts of grass beside him and, unseeing, flung them from him. After a moment he sighed and glanced at Jesus, and there was craft in his eye.

"God guards his servants," he said. "It is natural to shrink from sacrifice that seems too great to bear. But God would preserve his Messenger. Your power is great. You could escape."

Jesus met his look, and in his own there was so much

of sadness and of pity that the cunning glint died out of the eyes of Judas.

"Judas," he said. "What I have taught shall I not stand by? God will not alter his laws to save even the most beloved servant. What a man sows that shall he also reap. If I, using my powers carelessly, trust to God to make a success of my failure, I am again in the power of the Devil. Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

There was silence. Judas frowned as if his mind was working hard, and suddenly, as if he abandoned his purpose, he rose to his feet.

"Master," he said, "if you will not lead in Galilee, will you go to Jerusalem?"

Jesus replied:

"But, Judas, I have been to Jerusalem. Was it not in Jerusalem that I first met you?"

"You have never preached the kingdom in Jerusalem," said Judas, and the lines of his face twitched and then hardened as if he sought to hide his thought. Jesus, still seated on the grass, searched his face, and Judas, bracing himself, met his eyes. A long look passed between the two, and then Jesus, too, rose to his feet and said:

"I will go to Jerusalem."

Judas stared at him.

"You will go to Jerusalem," he said, as if amazed at his own success.

"I will go to Jerusalem," Jesus repeated, and half to himself he added: "It is not meet that a Prophet should die out of Jerusalem."

Judas caught the words and answered hastily.

"You will not die. You will go to a triumph"; and, suddenly, as if seized with suspicion, he cried:

"You mean it? You have promised? You will not fail me?"

Jesus stooped and gathered up the bread and dates which Judas had rejected. Then he turned and said:

"I will never fail you, Judas."

And with that the talk ended.

ON GETTING BACK INTO THE PAST.

WILBERFORCE, after reading a novel of Sir Walter Scott's, remarked that it reminded him of a giant cracking nuts. Well, perhaps the cracking of that particular kind of nuts was what that particular kind of giant was best fitted for. We suspect that Sir Walter would find himself more intimately at home in writing "Rob Roy" or "The Antiquary" than in the prosecution of more aggressively philanthropic or evangelistic activities. But the simile occurred to us recently in reading Mr. Henry James's book, "The Sense of the Past," or to be more exact, in reading the author's "Notes" for the book. With regard to the book itself, a friend in Surrey will forgive us if we borrow one of her good stories. An old village gaffer and his two daughters had heard that a London company were appearing at Guildford in a play called "Ghosts." They promised themselves the time of their lives in going to see it. It was gently hinted that they might find the play dull, and the suggestion was made that a visit to the cinema might prove more entertaining. However, their resolution of seeing the London company in the play with the attractive title remained unshaken. What was good enough for London was good enough for them. "Oh! ma'am," reported one of the daughters afterwards, "it was dull, and Father, he kept on saying, 'Whatever be it all about?'" "But there was a clergyman in it," said the other daughter, unwilling after all to admit the complete failure of the expedition, "he was a good man." In reading the text of Mr. James's book, we found ourselves very much in the situation of the old rustic at Ibsen's play, without even the compensation afforded by the clergyman in that masterpiece. The query that arose in our mind was, "Whatever be it all about?" We have sometimes been assailed by the thought of literary treasures being lost by the editors or publishers to whom they had been sent not having patience to "get into" them, by their inability to read on. We ourselves

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did not "get into" Mr. James's book until we turned to the "Notes." We were at once sensible of the passage from unrealities to something intensely living and real. Here was a quite enormous mental power being used in a particular way, a way altogether pleasurable to its possessor. There is a genuine human interest in seeing such a faculty exercised, in what is, *pace* Mr. Wilberforce, the only way possible, with a candid and childlike delight. What one may call the blameless vanity of Mr. James, his sense of the importance of his genius, is very engaging. Here is the giant cracking nuts. Mr. James sits with his pair of silver casse-noisettes, his pair of magic silver casse-noisettes, and his little pile of walnuts before him, and talks in such a fascinating way about how prettily he is going to crack them that we go back with a fresh interest to the book itself. Moreover, with the aid of the notes, it is possible to understand the story. It is very satisfactory to know that when the door of the house in Mansfield Square closes behind Ralph, it definitely shuts him up in the year 1820. He really gets back into the Past.

We confess that the possibility of getting back into the Past has long been a favorite dream and speculation of our own. It must be acknowledged, however, that what we have contemplated is only, so to speak, a spectacular assistance at events and scenes of bygone time. Mr. James's young man gets back into 1820 as an actor in the drama of those days. Hence arises what Mr. James so repeatedly calls the *malaise*. Perhaps one should rather say that the necessity of action in the Past greatly aggravates the *malaise* which even a spectator must feel. The sensation given by finding oneself wrapped round by the atmosphere of an unfamiliar alien time, in contact only with people whose mental processes were all if ever so little different must be a kind of counterpart of *mal de mer*, perhaps *mal d'air*. To say that a man of the twentieth century put back even to so recent a date as 1820 would feel a fish-out of water is perhaps no more than adequate. The strangeness would be the trouble, not any mere lack of convenience or amenity in the surroundings. One supposes that any earth-born mortal who by some chance had strayed into the most amiable of other planets would find a certain relief in feeling his feet sink once more into the soft mud of Central Africa—a crocodile, cannibal country, but still Mother Earth. Africa, moreover, is in communication with Europe. This brings us to another consideration, which perhaps in our meditations on these subjects we had not sufficiently envisaged, that is, that having once got back into the Past one might have to stay there, or at any rate, like Mr. James's hero, find considerable difficulty in effecting one's escape to the Present.

But this probably would be an effect of becoming involved in action in the Past. We are inclined to think that certain persons have on occasion got back into the Past, but only as spectators, as temporary visitors. There was the case of the two ladies in Paris, published a few years ago, who got back into 1789. Who shall arbitrarily say that such things are impossible? Again, consider the whole class of religious visionaries, of whom Sister Catherine Emmerich is a very striking example. She was, by the way, one of the name-saints of the great Lord Acton. This peasant girl, who had never read "either the Bible or the Testament," and knew no word of any language but Platt-Deutsch, assisted every year as an eye-witness at the scenes of the Passion. We think that any unprejudiced reader of the book which she dictated, and in which her visions are described in the minutest detail, must be struck by a certain quality of verisimilitude. The irresolute Pilate, for instance, consults his fowls for an omen, watching the way they eat. Seers are by no means uncommon in Celtic countries, such as, to quote a living instance, Zacharie le Rouzik at Carnac. "Sometimes," he says, "on a sunny morning, as I stand looking down the long aisles of Carnac, I can see the tribes coming, the wild skin-clad men, dancing, singing, driving their victims towards the cromlechs, where I was watching with the priests. I can see them! I can see them!" This is not meant to be merely rhetorical, but a statement of fact. Some of

M. le Rouzik's accounts of his visions are most circumstantial.

These things are no doubt the result of an intense concentration of the mind upon the events and persons of some particular epoch of the Past, the "living in it," as we say; in the case of visionaries like Sister Catherine Emmerich the absorption of the whole personality in the contemplation of the Sacred Story, in such cases as that of M. le Rouzik the entire dedication of the mind to the discovery and re-construction of the pre-historic Celtic world. Of this last an admirer writes: "His eyes are strange black eyes that seem to find it difficult to focus themselves on anything nearer than the Neolithic Age in which he is always living."

The "getting back into the Past," which we ourselves have sometimes adumbrated, is something on a much more modest scale than these rewards of an intense concentration. It is to be noted, however, that even these contemplatives, these creative dreamers or diviners, so to speak, only get back to their chosen epoch in the state of spectators, never of actors. To act in the Past, so making it something different, other than it was, belongs only to romances. The actor in the Past has a difficult part to sustain, as Mr. James's hero discovered. But thinking of it not as a scene in which one acts, but merely as a Vision, some fugitive yet convincing glimpse does not seem to us impossible of attainment. It must not, of course, be consciously worked up to, it must come unobserved, a shy involuntary thing, like poetry or the Kingdom of God. It must descend on one as the late eighteenth century descended on the ladies at Versailles. It must be no manufacture, but an apparition. But poetry, even of the most visionary quality, has also its unnoticed preparation in circumstance, things that predispose for its appearance. Suppose, for instance, one had spent a quite solitary Christmas—say, at Canterbury, and all alone had heard lovely carols, and thought much of the days of Chaucer and Marlowe and Dickens, and of a still older Past. Christmas Day had gone by, and Stephen and John, and the Innocents, and one had come to the day of the Great Martyr. One had thought more than ever with the old veneration of the great Prelate who had said that there was something higher and more sacred than the State, something that the State must not touch. Sitting perhaps in a tea-shop, one would have a sense of a certain loosening of the rigidity of things, of the power of distance in time or place. One would seem to have in one's ears the breaking of the waves of Deal. They must have broken so in 1170. Lulled by the waves of Deal one would fall more and more into a kind of trance, until one walked out into unaccustomed streets, and heard all around one the sound of Norman-French. One would know at once that one was listening to words spoken more than seven hundred years ago. Or suppose one woke in the deep middle of a dark winter night and found oneself in a coach stopping at the door of a posada in the heart of seventeenth-century Spain, and saw by the lantern-light the passengers alighting, the host in the doorway, the servants running out, not dim and spectral, but living, breathing, and heard the voices, the exclamations. "Jesus, qué frío," they would say.

It is not, we think, more wonderful that people should sometimes get from the Present back into the Past, than that in any particular Past, that Past of all Pasts, there should have been people, just those particular people, just then and there, to whom that Past was the Present. It is difficult to convey this sense of wonderment; words are a very recalcitrant medium. The expression of it wants to be quite clear from any verbal fog; it wants to stand out all bright and glittering in the smokeless air. Why should those particular people have been there just then? One might have been there oneself. They are bringing in the boar's head, say, into the hall of St. John's College, Oxford, on the Christmas Day of 1555. It is the year of the burning of the bishops, the great year of the burning of all heretics. It is a bad time for heretics, but the world is as good as it ever was. We look back from our distance in time and call that age dark and irrational, we, who can do so little to dispel

the darkness and unreason of our own. But as we stand in the banquet hall that sixteenth-century Christmas Day, we feel that the sense of festivity and rejoicing is dimmed by no dark thoughts. The air is fragrant with Christmas greenery; the holly bushes are a fire. The silver sconces and candle-sticks and flagons shine their brightest. There is a feeling of the permanence of all good old English customs, the restoration and strengthening of all good old Christian ways. One is a spectator of the scene, but one might have been an actor in it. One might have been the servitor with steeped-back hair and stiff frill, holding the great dish solemnly aloft. "Caput apri defero."

THE DRAMA OF TO-MORROW.—II.

THE supposition of the previous article has been that peace may bring to this country new and powerful forces of feeling and volition, reconstructing and even revolutionizing not only the forms of industry and of government, but also the outlook and ideals of the people. If to imagine hope emerging from despair, and vision from great darkness, is to dream vainly, then the drama of to-morrow will be but the drama of to-day writ large: beauty choruses, more lovely than ever, will proceed yet further into the auditorium, and distribute larger and more costly ballons: the illicit lovers of the farce will dart even more preposterously from door to door: the rusty machinery of the sex-problem drama will clank more harshly in our midst.

But let us take the more cheerful hypothesis. Suppose from a new people a new motive for expression: a new outpouring in response to it: a new drama. How may it be housed and nurtured? Roughly, there are four bodies capable of grappling with the problem. In the first place, the drama of to-morrow may be left to the care of the audiences or consumers, organized in voluntary groupings, such as the Stage Society. It is to such a foster-nurse that "H. W. M." looks when he calls for his 8,000 subscribers of two guineas. Again, the consumer might be responsible for the new-born drama through his political and local organizations. This is the ideal of those who support State theatres or municipal dramatic enterprise. Thirdly, the consumers might continue to act through their spontaneous representatives, the private capitalists, seeking ever a new Mæcenas or proving to some more mundane intellect that the new art, being a people's art, will have money in it. Lastly, there is the refuge of the Stage Syndicalist, the organization of actors or producers.

Of the first body, the voluntary group of consumers, some bulkier offspring perhaps of the present pioneer societies, it may frankly be said that this must remain the organ of a clique, producing for a clique. It is none the worse for that. In an industrialized age, when the mass of the population is too tired, too busy, or too content with sensation and sentimentality to care for a living and expressive art, only such a body as this can keep the muse alive at all, providing her with the bare ration of an occasional performance. But a "people's art," to use the phrase of "H. W. M.'s" article, cannot be confined to one town alone or be restrained within the limits of an occasional release. The small eclectic body will produce a special type of play, and do it well. It has its function, indeed, but we are not concerned with the activities of a cultured intelligentia divorced from the inanimate mass of a moribund body industrial: the vision makes manifest something greater than that, something that insists upon expression in many ways and places. Then it may be urged that the second body makes the ideal guardian of this new art. Let it not be left to voluntary enthusiasts to bear this necessary burden, but let the whole people, organized as citizens or townsmen, take on the charge. This is a worthy ideal, but in practice one dreads the result. If even before the necessities of war handed the nation over to the care of bureaucrats men shrank from the official fostering of so delicate a plant, what must the people think now? Public officials do not tread as soft a path

as many critics suppose: nor are they all the bunglers that popular caricature would paint them; but the limitations of public service, which demands the eternal search for authority, and forbids, often rightly enough, the taking of risks, would inevitably render the official, working under British traditions, a dull and inadaptable handler of the arts. The history of our censorship, the artistic record of our public bodies, speak for themselves. True, that we are presupposing a spiritual upheaval; none the less, it were likely that reaction and conservatism would find their last and strongest refuge in the pigeon-holes of the proverbial bureau.

But the consumers of the drama have other representatives than their political and municipal nominees. In a sense, the spontaneous *Entrepreneur* is upholding their interests as well as pocketing his own profits. He gives what the public wants: that at least is his boast, though it is obvious that he can create a demand for which he has the ready supply. But, even if the postulated upheaval of opinion made good plays a paying proposition, it is doubtful whether financial autocracy could ever be a suitable medium for this expression. Plutocracy is even more degrading on the stage than in industry: and the sordid background of syndicates and intrigue would prove a fatal setting for the plays and the playing at which we aim. There are few things more disheartening to the actor of to-day than the power of wealth to find good parts for a favorite of paltry ability; on the stage, as in the workshop, it is the sense of unchallenged and irresponsible government from above that makes bad temper and bad work in just those individuals who could produce the best. If plays of genuine thought and feeling were made profitable by a revolution of public taste, private capital would not be lacking to produce them. That is obvious, but it is also true that the domination of private capital would corrupt the production. At this point the champion of the present Repertory system would justly claim that nearly all the best work done on the British stage in the last fifteen years had been made possible by the private capitalist, who is not always a mercenary or a domineering individual. That is true, and certain individuals have earned the gratitude of the commonwealth for their endurance and their sacrifice. But as a champion of the drama of to-morrow, the present Repertory system is plainly unreliable. It has nothing of permanence of security. An individual may tire of his whim, or be ruined by his losses. A group of individuals may struggle for a time to bear the uneasy burden, but they too may grow weary. The temptation to avoid adventurous production and to keep to old and safe favorites may be too strong: and on the other hand, the company may be overworked by constant rehearsals of new pieces, or else may fall into the common rut of established successes. Almost certainly the players cannot be highly paid, and the continual menace of their uncertain position fights against whole-hearted and confident work. Above all, it is intolerable that the future of a noble and a national art should hang upon the fortuitous generosity of an individual and be determined by the patronage of plutocracy. It is possible that peace may bring many a Mæcenas to the drama of to-morrow: it may equally well deprive Mæcenas of his millions. In any case, we are not striving to be new Augustans.

Finally, we may turn to the producers, and ask whether the organized actors are not the right sponsors for the drama of to-morrow. At present, of course, they have not the necessary capital, but that is no reason why the Actors' Association or some similar body or some extension of that body should not accept responsibility for the control of perhaps twenty theatres in our largest towns. Once a scheme had been formulated, the financial difficulty would not be insuperable. But the arguments which held against syndicalism in industry would hold against syndicalism in art. The complete separation of producer and consumer would be as dangerous here as elsewhere. Even if the organized players were willing to take the financial responsibility, which is doubtful, there is no reason why the public should have no part in the new people's art. Here, if

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anywhere, there seems to be a strong ground for division of function. It would be a tragedy if, in the growing reaction against territorial collectivism, the State and Municipality were regarded merely as associations of taxpayers who agree to combine for the purely utilitarian purpose of building roads, sewers, and lamp-posts. People who live together, though their industrial and professional interests may be widely dissimilar, have many common feelings, habits, and affections. It is from this foundation of common aspiration and sentiment, strengthened, as we hope, by the coming of new ideals, that the drama of to-morrow must spring. Therefore, it is imperative that the art should be rooted locally, though its extending branches should not be narrowly pinned to the town walls. The argument against the Municipal Theatre was the argument against Municipal (and therefore external) management. The ideal solution is for the public to provide the theatre, and to lease it to a troupe of actors who should provide the plays. This removes the destructive factor in the present Repertory system, its harassing insecurity and constant threat of shutting down after a series of unprofitable pieces, and also banishes the menace of bureaucratic interference by incapable outsiders. Both parties would preserve their freedom, and if a joint committee of the players and townsmen failed to work in harmony they could part by mutual consent. The townsmen could appeal to the organized actors for a new company of players, the players for a new town. If the actors' organization included the whole profession, and could thus threaten an over-reaching and unmannerly town with theatrical starvation, the forces that go to make the compromise would be fairly poised. A compromise it would be, but from compromise of some sort must all such efforts spring, which aim at so complex an ideal as a drama which will be neither paltry and vulgarian, nor finicking and over-intellectual.

The basis of this idea was the supposition that peace may bring to the nation an emotional upheaval and a revolution in taste. Without this the public theatres of to-morrow would be no better than the private theatres of to-day. And if we suppose this change in the consumer, we must also demand a change in the producer. The dramatic profession of to-day has suffered most bitterly from the strain of individual competition and the corruption of plutocratic control. Plenty of young actors and actresses there may be of fine temperament who care deeply for the general effect of their work, but there is a large body of prisoners who have never turned their eyes from the cave. Who that has listened to the conversation of "professionals" can deny the truth of this charge? Plays are not regarded as works of art, but as aggregations of parts which may be fat or thin. Dialogue is not the necessary part of a dramatic whole, but a bunch of "lines" which may or may not be fruitful in "laughs." An exit is considered not as part of the drama, but as a possible means of extracting a "round." An average actor can tell you very little of the plays he has been engaged upon; but he can tell you every line of "his" parts, the skill with which he "got over," every detail of the business which elicited "his" laughs, and the unfailing certainty of "his" round in the third act. If asked whether it was a good play, he may answer that "we" did fair business, and apart from exceptional cases, he almost certainly will not know who the author was.

The actors as well as the audience must undergo a revolution before the drama of to-morrow can be a valuable reality. The excessive individualism, caused by the hard and embittering scramble for work, would yield to a more charitable sense of solidarity if trade unionism, with mutual aid and unemployment pay, prevailed. The mingled egotism and vanity may be harder to displace, but they must go, if acting is to be something more than a blend of technique and self-assertion. The free co-operation of fellows in a work of creation is one of life's richest blessings: it is found on the stage, but not often. The actors, as well as the public, are inured to the "star" system, which in itself makes the theatre an impossible home for art. If the drama of to-morrow is to earn the true praise carried by

the word "quality," not only must we substitute an active and critical intelligence for tolerant inertia among the audience, but we must have an end of plays written round the vanity of individuals, of "produced" voices and calculated mannerisms, and all the trivial tricks that go to make the technique of modern acting. Free the players from the financial tyranny of the producer, give him rank and status as an established member of an independent self-governing company choosing its own producer and methods of production, and then from this audacious optimism fruit may spring abundantly. Let the townsmen supply the playhouse, and demand this play or type of play: let the band of players, with whom the author must be closely linked, play them. All the financial and administrative details of such a scheme would need long and careful consideration, but only on such a basis can there be reared the edifice which "H. W. M." desires, "the noblest art, a people's art."

B.

Letters to the Editor.

THE INTERVENTION OF LABOR.

SIR.—There are two aspects of Labor's claim to intervene as a negotiator of peace that seem to me to have been overlooked by Labor itself. In its protest against conscription in times of peace, the industrial mass touched the fringe of one. The other has not yet been considered. Organized Labor, and organized Labor alone, can secure a basis of permanent and universal peace, in its realization of two watchwords—no conscription, no armaments. To the best of minds these two are summed up in one—no slavery. If men, against their will, may be condemned to be drilled and trained in the evolutions most effective for accomplishing the ruin and the misery of their fellow-men, their masters will retain the power of compelling industry to waste itself in the servitude that produces the instruments of destruction. So long as cliques in the name of Government can condemn those who labor to produce cannon and shells and poison gas, there will ever lurk behind this pestilential activity the intrigue of conscription. It is contemptible to prattle in these days about "limitation" of armaments—the phrase is meaningless. If any controller of brute force is to have any armaments, with slaves to operate them, he will insist that he shall have more armaments and more slaves than all his neighbors. Has anyone yet heard of any other "limitation"? War has, however, proved the true internationalism of democracy. The real protection against future war must be the common agreement of Labor in every land that it will not allow its children to be taken from the hallowed work of making the world richer and happier, to be compelled to learn the vicious trade of spreading ruin and sorrow in the homes of the poor. Workers cannot hope to succeed in stopping conscription unless they stand together in whatever corner of God's earth they be, in absolute refusal to degrade themselves by the manufacture of deadly weapons. Diplomatist can never trust diplomatist; their silly trade is lying and deception; but an international agreement among humble and true men can secure, beyond question, that in any country there can be no more soldiers trained and no more shells accumulated than the number and amount sanctioned by agreement of international Labor. This will sanction none. Workmen appreciate what their masters will not learn, that the dignity of Labor is based on its contribution to the happiness of mankind. The degradation of Labor is the wasting of the lives of men in cursed schemes for dealing death. If we are to wait until self-styled statesmen devise a diplomatic peace for the agonized world we shall wait in vain. By Labor's intervention the prize is certain.—Yours, &c.,

A. M. SULLIVAN.

Dublin. February 11th, 1918.

CAN RADICALISM AND SOCIALISM UNITE?

SIR.—The only hope for the immediate future of democracy lies in an affirmative answer to the above question, so admirably raised by Mr. Charles Trevelyan in his recent letter. The need for a practical working solution is vital and urgent. It is agreed that the first general election on the new register will shape the policy of this country for a generation, and will be momentous not only in our own history but will decide how far we are to play our part in the tremendous world-movements which will leap forward as soon as the fetters of war are removed. What are we doing to ensure a people's victory at the polls?

Candidates are being selected now in every constituency on the old party lines. This does not meet the present needs.

Many Liberals are profoundly unsettled in their allegiance. That thousands of readers of a Liberal daily paper have applied within the last few days for copies of the Labor Party's pamphlet, "Labor, and the New Social Order," is some indication perhaps of the growing trend of mind among the rank-and-file. As Mr. Trevelyan shows, Radicals and Socialists share the same hopes for the future, and in essentials, agree to the same programme of practical politics, yet they hesitate to coalesce effectively in local and national organization. Why? True, the proposed new constitution of the Labor Party still awaits confirmation, and we want to know where we stand. But there is a further cause for hesitancy. Party labels accumulate prejudices as well as traditions. Many a man hesitates to leave his old party and join another of the old parties on this score. For women it is somewhat easier. We emerge into political citizenship for the first time; the old ties have not bound us so closely, and in the day of our emancipation we search anew for the group to which we can really give our whole-hearted support from the very outset of our inclusion in the electorate. Can we not open the new era with a newly named party?—"a Democratic Party"—which will embrace all those who cherish a vision of hope, who stand for internationalization, and for a sharing of all that makes life worth living at home and everywhere. As one in intimate touch with the inner ferment among the Liberal rank-and-file, and especially among the women in this important county of Yorkshire, I know and speak for countless others when I say that we have been eagerly hoping for the consolidation of such a Democratic Party, and we look now for an immediate lead as to the right course of action to adopt at this critical juncture.—Yours, &c.,

MARY ELIZABETH SALT.

20, Spring Grove, Harrogate. February 5th, 1918.

THE FREE CHURCHES AND WAR AIMS.

SIR,—Dr. Scott Lidgett in his letter in your last issue says he has no desire to continue this controversy. This I can well believe. But as he still ignores the point raised in my first letter I am afraid I must make one more attempt to state my case. I began by asking the Free Church Council to join with Labor in demanding a new statement of war aims. Dr. Lidgett evades this point altogether. Free Churchmen all over the country are asking many pointed questions regarding our war aims. For instance: Are we to fight to the bitter end, depending only on physical force, or are we to seek peace by reason and negotiation and constructive statesmanship? If the former, can we hope to force a decision before 1919? Are we to continue the slaughter until we compel Germany to give up Alsace-Lorraine? Are we fighting for the dismemberment of Turkey and the partitionment of Albania? Is this war a fight for freedom or a struggle for power? Are we out to make a wider and better world for democracy or a narrower and more uncomfortable world for Germany? Can we smash militarism by a "knock-out blow," or is militarism a spiritual malady only to be cured by spiritual forces? And if Germany shows any indication of a change of heart and mind, will Mr. Lloyd George ignore every hopeful gesture and sneer at her conversion as a "squealing for peace" which must be answered by the sword? Must the casualty lists continue in order to secure territorial gains and readjustments, when we are already under the shadow of famine and industrial strife? I say that Free Churchmen everywhere are asking these questions and they want to know why the Free Church Council does not combine with Labor in demanding from the Government a joint statement of war aims to which all the Allies have agreed. It is time that our leaders began to awake from their slumber. Nonconformists are already awake. There is a lot of new wine about, and the old, dusty, leaky bottles may have to be scrapped.

Dr. Scott Lidgett also ignores the question of the Conscientious Objector. Mr. Thomas Philips says the Conscientious Objectors are the creation of the Free Churches, and Dr. Clifford declares that some have not only been thrown into prison but are being "slowly put to death." I ask once more: What is the Free Church Council doing about it? I would also like to ask whether Dr. Lidgett has yet heard about the open brothel for British soldiers at Cayeux? I know for a fact that mothers who gave up their boys to the Army, believing that they were going into a clean fight for righteousness and freedom, are distressed and broken-hearted when they hear that they are every day tempted to drink and beset by brothels—while American soldiers are carefully protected from moral peril and physical contamination. Does the Free Church Council care anything at all about this business? The Bishop of London knows about it, and has denounced it. Nonconformists had to rely on Lord Hugh Cecil to fight for supremacy of conscience in the House of Commons on November 21st; must they look to the Bishops to save their soldier lads from brothels?

In my last letter I suggested the organization of great meetings of Free Churchmen to pray for the Germans. Dr. Lidgett replies that the Free Church Council "took an official part in the steps that led up to the appointment, by the King, of January 6th for this very purpose." Am I wrong in saying that most of the prayers offered on January 6th were not so much for the conversion of the Germans as for victory over the Germans? What the King directed me to pray for was "clear-sightedness and strength necessary for victory."

Dr. Lidgett, who evaded the main point of my first letter by giving what he calls "samples" of the religious and social activities of the Free Church Council, defends this method of controversy by saying that I pointed to certain social evils and suggested that the Council had done nothing in regard to them. Will he tell me where in my two previous communications I made any such suggestion? He states that the Council is actively promoting a campaign in support of a League of Nations. I must confess that I have heard nothing of it, and I know something of what is going on in Nonconformity. What does Dr. Lidgett mean by a campaign? Has he passed a resolution or sent out a circular? And if the "campaign" has only so far been "promoted," when may we expect it to start? Why not organize at once a meeting in the Albert Hall, to be presided over by Lord Bryce, and addressed by Dr. Clifford, Dr. Orchard, Mr. Arthur Henderson, and Rev. Thos. Phillips?

One thing we have gained by this correspondence. Dr. Scott Lidgett definitely and completely throws over Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett. He even suggests that his notorious speech in the House of Commons on November 21st was made "on the spur of the moment." He makes it clear that when Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett advocated the Prussian doctrine of the supremacy of the State he did not represent the Free Church Council. We already knew that he did not represent Nonconformity. So that matter, at least, is satisfactorily cleared up.—Yours, &c.,

FREE CHURCHMAN.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

SIR,—Why do clergy and bishops, churchmen and theologians, have such an exaggerated opinion of their own importance? Who, among the workers, literary, scientific, commercial, care "tuppence" for the opinions of the representatives of the Church? What experience have they of the Church of the problems (sexual, political, bread-winning) of the majority? Their opinion on vital questions is, to use a Canadianism, worth "dam all!"

Their wranglings about word forms and sacerdotal ceremony are trivial. What does it matter what God is or who Christ was when we have them as guide for a decent life? Self-control for oneself—sympathy for others, to deal as we would be dealt by, or—again a Canadianism—"fifty fifty on the deal." Surely someone can tell these priestly mountebanks to read the Sermon on the Mount and shut up.—Yours, &c.,

LIEUT., R.N.V.R.

At Sea (rolling).

AN AFTER-WAR THEATRE.

SIR,—Most of the enthusiastic dramatic pessimists I know would doubtless before this have intervened in this discussion; but, alas! we have wasted years of wailing and reams of regret upon the subject. So much so that one sums up the points of discussion into two phases:—

(a) That the drama has been in a state of permanent decay.

Has not Sarcey, that theatrical optimist of the deepest dye, and witness of a thousand samples of "decay," in his essay on "The Decadence of the Theatre" told us that in writing thus he was simply repeating the obvious, for had he not picked up in the Salle St. Sylvestre a series of brochures, dated respectively 1768, 1771, 1807, 1828, 1841, 1842, 1847, 1860, 1866, 1871, 1876, 1880, *et seq.*, so that really the French drama has been in a decadent condition for the past 150 years! Equally, so our fathers have told us, has the English drama. It is quite twenty years ago since Commissioner Henry Arthur Jones started to lay the foundations of an English drama, now washed away by the tide of war.

(b) From time to time efforts have been made to stop the rot.

The Incorporated Stage Society since its foundation in 1890 has produced dramas by Bernard Shaw, Thomas Hardy, Granville Barker, Somerset Maugham, St. John Hankin, G. S. Street, Joseph Conrad, Charles McEvoy, Arnold Bennett, George Calderon, Gilbert Cannan, W. B. Yeats, John Masefield, George Moore, Stanley Houghton—need one go on; and in the same period they presented plays by Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Hauptmann, Tolstoi, Sudermann, Maxim Gorki, Brieux, Gogol, Wedekind, Strindberg, Dostoevski, Schnitzler, Tchekov, and other European dramatists. The enthusiasm

[February 16, 1918.]

of the Provincials, fanned into flame by those enterprises, resulted in the founding of Repertory Theatres in Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Glasgow, and elsewhere, and they in their turn attempted, and with some measure of success, to please their supporters.

But with the mental ravages of war their enthusiastic audiences dwindled away. The moral is obvious. The standard of dramatic art is a moving tabernacle; the true Shekinah of dramatic art will be found in the austere spirits of men. The Time-spirit is not favorable to that condition of mind.

Theatrical managers, who insist upon "living," state that they are merely following out the historical precedent in producing the lightest and flimsiest of dramatic stuff for audiences which consist mostly of trench-worn and war-shocked men who crave for mirth and jollity.

From these two statements emerges the fact that the theatre the three enthusiasts (who wrote in your last week's issue) ask for is one that appeals to the *intelligentsia*. That being so, may I ask that after cutting out the "high falutin'" they will submit some practical scheme.

A workable scheme has already been outlined by William Archer and Granville Barker, who, in their joint volume "A National Theatre," put forward a detailed scheme and estimate for its organization. (Duckworth & Co. 1907.)

What objections, if any, have your correspondents to offer against it? If not, cannot they set to work on this basis?—Yours, &c.,

ROBB LAWSON.

February 18th, 1917.

THE WORKING OF REGULATION 27c.

SIR,—Regulation 27c, under the Defence of the Realm Act should not be lost sight of. As is well known, it requires every document "relating to the present war or the making of peace" to be submitted to the Censor; but by methods familiar to the authorities its scope is being extended to publications of every kind emanating from bodies which do not see eye to eye with the war aims and policy of our oligarchs. Let me give an instance.

The Regulation has been ignored by the Labor Party, which deliberately issued its War-Aims Manifesto without reference to the Press Bureau; and the Home Secretary has announced that he does not intend to prosecute—he fears his ability to ride the storm! More insidious tactics are therefore being employed; the Regulation cannot be ignored if printers can be terrorized, and this seems to suggest the official policy. In a recent case at Bow Street, the manager of a Printing Works in Central London was fined 25 guineas under a practically obsolete section of a mid-Victorian Act for omitting his imprint from certain leaflets issued by the Fellowship of Reconciliation as long ago as August, and, therefore, long before 27c was heard of. It was admitted that the leaflets themselves were entirely innocent of offence under the Defence of the Realm Act; that many thousands of such leaflets had been printed of which only 2,500 appeared without the imprint; that the omission was entirely due to inadvertence on account of the absence of the printer's regular staff at the Front. I am assured also that in the printing trade that part of the Act under which action was taken has for years been more honored in the breach than in the observance. Yet, despite these facts, the printer in question, with a clean record of forty years' standing, was summarily convicted.

The intention is obviously to make printers chary of accepting the most innocent work from organizations which the Government happens to dislike. Is it conceivable, for instance, that action would have been taken for the issue of, say, a trade circular without an imprint? Such, indeed, are issued every day with impunity. By prosecuting in respect of propagandist leaflets, however, "the liberty of unlicensed printing" in pursuance of any effort distasteful to the powers-that-be is hamstrung in secret; for the effect is already apparent. Printers are not anxious to run unnecessary risks and, therefore, refuse to produce propagandist material of any character without first submitting it to the Press Bureau; which means that 27c is being quietly applied to documents of every kind, whether relating or not "to the present war or the making of peace." So the Censorship enlarges its baneful authority and so our liberties are whittled away by administrative process and bureaucratic bullying.—Yours, &c.,

LEYTON RICHARDS.

17, Red Lion Square, Holborn, W.C.1.
February 6th, 1918.

THE CREED OF GUILD SOCIALISTS.

SIR,—I have not read "Democracy after the War" so I am not sure whether it is your reviewer or Mr. Hobson who fears that "Guild Socialism . . . may easily be fined down into a mere revision of the code of workshop management," and who comments that "that is a useful end; but, to-day, the battle is for the world's freedom."

But, whosoever it may be, the fear is not a very well-grounded one. Guild-Socialists are certainly concerning themselves with questions of workshop management as they are also concerning themselves with questions of confiscatory legislation, and with other matters of offensive warfare. But their whole work is very definitely revolutionary in its aim; their whole inspiration is precisely that of the "battle for the world's freedom"; and I have seen among them no signs that they are losing sight of the end, or becoming too preoccupied with the means.

What, however, I have noticed—and it may explain the origin of the suspicion—is a recurrent and subtle suggestion in the Press that there is a close connection between National Guilds and the type of reconstructive policy embodied in the Whitley Report. The "Times" early last year began to suggest that Guild Socialism would be an excellent thing if it were only purged of rubbish about democracy—if, in fact, it became Guild Capitalism. The gentleman who wrote the famous Ferment series was at it again with a definite suggestion that Guild Socialism in practice would be something very similar to the Whitley scheme. Mr. Whitley, himself, has described his machinery as, in some ways, a restoration of the old Guild system. And there is a host of less-important instances.

Now, who and what has inspired all this, I do not know. I only know that the people who say and write these things are not avowedly Guildsmen. The National Guilds League has very categorically repudiated their suggestions, and is to-day, as it always has been, a revolutionary and not a reformist body. If Guild Socialism is going to be "fined down," the process will have to be carried through against the determined and unanimous opposition of the Guild Socialists.—Yours, &c.,

W. N. EWER.

The Old Dairy, Cliveden, Taplow.
February 6th, 1918.

MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

SIR,—"F.R.C.S." in his admirable letter in your issue of January 26th, credits Koch with the discovery of the "staphylococcus and streptococcus," the commonest causes of suppuration. But the credit of the discovery does not belong to Koch, but to a distinguished Aberdonian surgeon, Sir Alexander Ogston, who discovered the cocci and demonstrated their rôle in inflammation long before the time of Koch. Sir Alexander Ogston also suggested the name staphylococcus. It was one of the most important discoveries in the history of bacteriology, and it is only fair that England, not Germany, should receive the credit for the discovery.—Yours, &c.,

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE, M.A., M.B., C.M., LL.D.

HEINEMANN v. LEWIS SEYMOUR.

SIR,—I have much pleasure in enclosing a donation from Messrs. Cassell and Company, Ltd. for the Fund you are raising in connection with the "Lewis Seymour" case. The action was a frivolous one, and yet, as you stated last week, the costs ran into several hundreds of pounds. A very important point of law was decided, and I hope I may be allowed to suggest that every publisher is indebted to Mr. Heinemann and to Mr. George Moore for so gallantly fighting the action. The consequences are far reaching. If the verdict had been adverse there would have been a flood of similar actions. No one would have been safe. Let publishers and authors show their gratitude by reimbursing Mr. Heinemann and Mr. George Moore the entire costs of the defence.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR SPURGEON (Managing Director).
Cassell & Co., Ltd.

BELGIUM AND BRITISH POLICY.

SIR,—In the article of the 2nd inst., headed "The Dove and the Ark," your writer says: "An English statesman must read the intention of Hertling's speech in Czernin's, and, having read that intention must reply to the text of Hertling's . . . He must insist that as a matter of obvious fact the case of Belgium is different, and cannot under any circumstances be placed on the same footing as that of the other occupied territories."

This point, in my opinion, has not been pressed home often enough or with sufficient emphasis. The telegraphic despatch of the German Foreign Secretary to Prince Lichnowsky (No. 157 in the Blue Book) begins: "Please dispel any mistrust that may subsist on the part of the British Government with regard to our intentions, by repeating most positively formal assurance that, even in the case of armed conflict with Belgium, Germany will, under no pretence whatever, annex Belgian territory." This should be "rubbed in" on all appropriate occasions.

For the Central Powers to hold that occupied Belgium is a pawn in the game of negotiation shows a real or assumed incapacity to understand the moral basis on which the world has coalesced against the Central Powers.

May I add that your readers north of the Tweed must regret your persistent use of "England" and "English" in this connection? Surely it would be a British statesman who would be charged with the reply in question?—Yours, &c.,

D. M. STEVENSON.

Glasgow, February 5th, 1918.

FOR THE SOLDIERS.

SIR,—A soldier recently returned from the front wrote to me the other day from a Y.M.C.A. hut, "I am back, and it has occurred to me that perhaps you might send me a few periodicals that you have finished with, say THE NATION, or any of the weeklies. These are beyond my reach nowadays, and I am hungry for something decent to read. Why will well-meaning folk always send soldiers 'John Bull' and 'Answers'?"

Why, indeed? Surely our men are worthy of the best of everything, and it is a very small thing to do, after reading them at home, to put up one or two good periodicals and send them along to the nearest Y.M.C.A. hut. Perhaps some of your other readers will put their NATIONS or other weeklies to this excellent use.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY HOLIDAY.

Hampstead, January 18th, 1918.

GEORGE ELIOT'S RELIGION.

SIR,—I was much interested in Mr. Birrell's article on Lord Acton, because it concerned two intimate friends. Acton was mistaken in saying that George Eliot was a "perfect Atheist," and that "every one of her ideas grew up on ground absolutely Atheistic." Her father was "Adam Bede," a deeply religious man, if ever there was one, and "Dinah," the Methodist preacher, was her aunt. I was once present, as a third person, at a conversation between her and George Lewes, in which he urged her strongly to declare her religious opinions in her books, and she absolutely refused. She said to me that she had been brought up in the strictest school of evangelical orthodoxy, and that she would never publish a word which might hurt the feelings of those with whose opinions she had once agreed. She appealed to me for support, which of course, I gave her. She is called a Positivist, but her spirit was too large and generous to be bound by any dogmatic creed. All friends of Lord Acton must be grateful to Messrs. Figgis and Laurence for publishing so much that he has written, but the volumes are very carelessly and even ignorantly edited. Cardinal Guasquet's book, "Lord Acton and his Circle" is far better, and has scarcely any mistakes.—Yours, &c.,

OSCAR BROWNING.

THE TAXATION OF LAND.

SIR,—In Mr. Trevelyan's letter in your issue of Saturday last, he appears to advocate not only a heavy capital levy on all property but a *large tax on land values*. It would be helpful to have more information on his latter suggestion on the following points:—

- (1) Can this proposal be justified, and if so, how as a fair one between land and property?*
- (2) To what extent would a tax, even a large one, on land values (which would presumably be based on the value of the land less the buildings) help the Exchequer?
- (3) If this step is not merely a financial one, but in order to abolish large ownership (or cause nationalization), reduce unproductive areas and bring land more freely forward for building purposes, how does a tax on it bring about the desired result?†

Would not the better course be to prohibit the holding by one person of above a certain area by means of division at death amongst the heirs and by death duties?

I enclose my card.—Yours, &c.,

"INQUIRER."

THE GROWING BANKING MONOPOLY.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Charles Trevelyan, gives a most useful summing up of the present political outlook and the points on which Radicals and Socialists may unite. He says that the breaking of the land monopoly must be a conscious aim of their future policy; but why has he omitted to make

* Has not speculation and inflation in industry been more vicious in its results than private ownership of land?

† What, approximately, is the portion land bears in the total rent in workmen's houses. (Town areas—country areas)?

any reference to the banking monopoly, which is quite as important a factor in producing social injustice?

The amalgamation of the London County and Westminster and Parr's Bank was announced yesterday, and as this process continues the entire control of the supply of banking facilities will soon be concentrated in the hands of a small syndicate of banking magnates, giving them absolute power over the trade of the country.—Yours, &c.,

G. O. WARREN, Major.

Laverstock, Salisbury, February 3rd, 1918.

"REVOLUTION" OR EVOLUTION?

SIR,—Mr. Percy Harris seems not to recognize the Whitley Committee as a simple case of the Committee that is suddenly faced with an unintelligibility in its terms of reference. The Committee was invited by the Government to make and consider suggestions for securing a permanent improvement in the relations between employers and workmen. Now, as Sorel says, we don't try to make a permanent improvement in the relations between a baker and his customer: if they disagree about the price of bread, as they often do, we leave the problem to the operation of the economic law of supply and demand. There is no common measure which will decide how much it is "right" for the baker to receive or the customer to pay.

In industrial relations, the employee stands to the employer exactly as the baker to his customer: the question in debate is what share, in return for his labor, the worker shall take in (a) the product and (b) the control of industry, and no standard has yet found general acceptance for determining how much each party has a right to. We have since the Middle Ages followed the simple rule that each has a right to what he can get, and a change in this fundamental principle would be a revolution for which Mr. Whitley probably did not think the times were sufficiently ripe. It is true the Committee might have imposed a Pax Rhondana and enforced it with the whole power of the State. They might, so far as wages were concerned, have ascertained from a handy scientist the minimum number of calories which will keep a worker efficient, reduced it to money (probably by a multiple or tabular standard of value), and fixed wages accordingly. Or they might have ascertained from a hardly less handy psychologist the minimum income which would satisfy a profiteer (Lord Leverhulme, I gather from a recent article in the "Daily News," would say from ten to fifteen millions a year), and fixed profits on that basis. It would have been an interesting experiment, but the Whitley Committee, being, no doubt, constant readers of THE NATION, realized that a "knock-out" peace came within no intelligible definition of the word. In this horrible position, what could they suggest except that the knobberies, with which capital and labor settle their economic problems in a highly uncivilized way, should at least be paddled?—Yours, &c.,

LIONEL GLOVER.

8, Johnson Mansions, W. 14. February 12th, 1918.

Poetry.

SUMMER.

BEFORE it is over,
Take what summer yields;
The thyme and the clover
Are sweet in the fields.

Doubtful to-morrow
Yet is unborn;
Forget all your sorrow
While carts bring the corn.

White, shining graces
Between the trees run;
The harvesters' faces
Are red in the sun.

The day is so bright,
Evening comes soon,
Then cool summer night,
And the stars and the moon.

T. W. EARP.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century." By Heinrich von Treitschke. Vol. IV. With an Introduction by W. H. Dawson. (Jarrold. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Last Lectures." By Wilfred Ward. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "In the Days of Victoria." By T. F. Plowman. (Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Anglo-Irish Essays." By John Eglinton (Talbot Press and Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "The Wide Garden." Poems. By Herbert Tremaine. (Daniel. 3s. net.)
- "The State and the Child." By W. Clarke Hall. (Headley. 2s. net.)
- "Letters and Diary of Alan Seeger." (Constable. 5s. net.)

* * *

THE arrival of a catalogue of second-hand books—the first I have seen for a long time—was a reminder recently of little things forgotten which once came regularly to help make life seem worth while, in the days before the light went out. Those minor gratifications have gone so completely that we have forgotten they were ever ours. Sometimes one wakes to a morning even now when the window blind is a golden square with the sun, a blithe greeting to a good earth, and the whistle of the starling in the apple tree is as tenuous as silver thread, and the smell of coffee somewhere about brings one up briskly like a boy to begin play again . . . and then the sudden damned remembrance of things as they are drops its pall. On the doormat lies folded another sturdy speech by John Hodge, a prophecy by Geddes already mocked by facts recorded in the next column, and the news that our men are cheerfully waiting for the spring offensive.

* * *

THE spring offensive! What an advent! When we find the first blue egg in the thorn behind the billets, and the bees are at the sallows in Artois, and the G.S.O.2 comes in from his morning round with a violet in his fingers, proud of it, shows it to everybody, and then begins to remember Surrey, it is time to test the gas cylinders, and wonder whether this is the last time you will be noteworthy because you had the earliest news this year of the chiff-chaff. Did ever you drink such beastly coffee? There accumulates at breakfast now all that evidence in one's thoughts which makes one proud to share the divine gift of reason with one's fellow-men, instead of miserable and blind animal instinct. No wonder the cuckoo has a merry note.

* * *

So we begin our days now, with minds darkened with what we know of the world across the Channel, looking up to the sky and wondering whether this inopportune spell of spring means that London babies will die violently to-night, passing the queues of working women who have been waiting for hours for what they probably will not get (though the earth would give it in plenty); wondering whether it had not been better for us long ago to have refused the great gift of reason with which we could devise the wonders of civilization, and instead have continued in the tree-tops; stuffing impatiently under the seat of the railway carriage that news sheet which reads as if, though we certainly elected to come down from the roof of the jungle, yet Great Ones among us have speech which sounds ominously like yammering. Is it surprising that catalogues of old books never come our way to-day? We don't deserve them.

* * *

ANOTHER "grave statement" by someone, and a field postcard (when lucky) are our full literary deserts! Yet a morning may come when the general mind will settle into quietude again, begin to function, and wonder why on earth it made such a ruinous fool of itself last night, and resolve to put an end to all disruptive and dirty habits. This foolish hope was born in me through hearing a starling, in a voice which showed him a peer of his flock, telling the early morning sun what he felt about this earth; and almost immediately after the postman, breaking a

silence of years, dropped through that reminder of old books. It was evident things could be different, and better, when they chose. Then, when closing the front door that morning—very gently—not slamming it on the run—there was plenty of time for the train, we saw something else. The door noiselessly closed, a gentle launch into a tranquil day, as though we had come down through the night with the natural movement of the hours, so commencing the day at the only right moment, without sound or splash, we saw a lilac twig had intruded into the portico (it had been a night of wind and rain) and was pointing a black finger at us. It pointed straight at us. We were indicated. What did it want? We looked at it intently, sure there was more in this than appeared. Aha! So that was it. The lilac twig was showing us it had a shining green nail.

* * *

ON the way to the station it was noticeable that the thrushes and the blackbirds knew what we knew. They were telling each other clear across a shrubbery. Four young officers of the R.F.C. were walking briskly ahead, under an elm that might not have had, but certainly seemed to have in it a faint kindling of coloured light. It was too delicate to be much more than a hope. The officers were more apparent than that light, we must admit. They only can be really vouch'd for. Then they parted, two to this side and two to that, to get ahead of another figure. They swiftly went beyond him, taking no notice of him, and there he was beyond us now, a man with a spade. The officers went on into the future, and vanished. We were left with the slow, bowed figure with the spade over its shoulder.

* * *

It stopped, leisurely lit a pipe, and we caught it up. It was evidently coming from a garden, for the edge of the spade was like silver, and the big hand which grasped it was brown with dry earth. Its lean neck and cheek were tinctured with many suns and cross-hatched with weather and strong mature maleness. It had a smell of new earth. It moved as though it knew time was nothing. It turned its face as we drew level, and said it was a "good morning." The morning was better than good; and somehow this figure in a scandalous hat and clothes as rough as bark, with a face that probably looked the same when William was momentous at Hastings and Pitt was ordering the map of Europe to be rolled up, was in accord with the light in the elm, and the superior and convincing insolence of the blackbirds. They all suggested the tantalizing idea that solid bottom was near us, in this unreasonable world of anxious change, if only we had sense enough to know where to look for it.

* * *

THEN there was another sort of book we suddenly missed, reminded of it by the earthy smell of the man with the spade and those voices in the shrubbery. What has become of the ornate catalogues of the seed merchants? That was the sort of literature to read in February. You get near to the fire at night, and make a mark against all those flowers which are indispensable for a small garden. Could we afford them all? Certainly not. But what is that man who counts his money when the south wind blows? He has never experienced a garden quickened to full flower in February because a thrush sang on his way to the station; he never missed his train; he never reads this page. He does not know what English literature is who misses the first bright fanfare of the sun signalling the approach of life again, and then reads seed-merchants' price lists. His bark has never been warmed.

* * *

IF you write out the names of those indispensable flowers, you may have some idea of the light that is on a poet's face when he is assured he has heard the supernal choir, and has got the music down, by luck. It is the only chance some of us will have of experiencing that emotion. You begin at the beginning of the catalogue, and set them down thus:—Alyssum, Amaranthus, Celestis or Blue Marguerite—it becomes a pleasure to write—Aquilegia or Columbine, Balsam, Bellis Perennis, Begonia, Campanula, Calendula. But all this is unfair. It is music not our own. It comes the way poetry comes—a matter of favor; besides being too obvious a method of filling this page.

H. M. T.





PELMANISM.

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No books have achieved greater popularity during the war than "the little grey books," as they are affectionately called.

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I consider the PELMAN Course is of the utmost value. It teaches one how to observe and to think in the right way, which few realize who have not studied it. The great charm to me was the realization of greater power; power to train oneself for more and more efficiency. I gained from each lesson right up to the end of the Course.

From a Clerk.

Looking back over the time since I first enrolled for the Course, I marvel at the changed outlook and wide sphere which it opened out to me. The personal benefits are a great increase of self-confidence and a thousandfold better memory. If only the public knew your Course I am sure your office would be literally besieged by prospective students.

From a Works Manager.

Your System has certainly been of great assistance to me in a variety of ways. Up to recently I was works manager for a big firm of yarn spinners, but have now attained the position of right-hand man to the owners, being removed from the executive to the administrative side of the business.

From a Bank Cashier.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the practical value of the PELMAN System as a means of developing one's mental powers. My chief regret is that I did not take the Course years ago. I have found the training of great value in clearness of mental vision, quickness of decision, and greater self-confidence. The outlay is quite nominal compared with the great advantages attained.

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[February 16, 1918.]

Reviews.

MR. YEATS THEORIZES.

"*Per Amica Silentia Lunae.*" By WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)

MR. YEATS'S new book is difficult to understand. The first part of it, which is concerned with the nature of the artist, is comparatively simple; but the second part, which is about ghosts, dreams, spiritualism, and other matters of the kind, will puzzle the average man like the formulæ of a magician. Mr. Yeats speaks a language which is not understood in the street. He seems to be addressing an audience sitting in a room with lowered lights in which it is not necessary even for one's meaning to be clear. Perhaps it is that he is trying to express the inexpressible. He speaks of the vision that "would carry us when it comes in sleep to that moment when even sleep closes her eyes and dreams begin to dream." Mr. Yeats seems to be struggling to express some such intangible world as this in English prose. In the result, he is intelligible in sentences, but he is not coherently intelligible. One understands him more or less when he describes a dream of prevision:

"A couple of years ago, while in meditation, my head seemed surrounded by a conventional sun's rays, and when I went to bed I had a long dream of a woman with her hair on fire. I awoke and lit a candle, and discovered presently from the odour that in doing so I had set my own hair on fire."

One may take the view that the accident to Mr. Yeats's hair was merely a coincidence or an instance of unconscious imitation, rather than the fulfilment of a vision. But at least the incident is as clearly narrated as anything in "*Gulliver's Travels*." On the other hand, wherein does one walk but in a bog and a fog of words when speaking apparently of the "passionate dead," Mr. Yeats declares of them:—

"The inflowing from their mirrored life, who themselves receive it from the Condition of Fire, falls upon the Winding Path called the Path of the Serpent, and that inflowing coming alike to men and to animals is called natural. There is another inflow which is not natural but intellectual, and is from the fire; which descends through souls who pass for a lengthy or a brief period out of the mirror life, as in sleep out of the bodily life, and though it may fall upon a sleeping serpent, it falls principally upon straight paths."

Even supposing the passage does not refer, as we have assumed it does, to the "passionate dead," we find it difficult to impose a meaning on it. It seems to us to fall through imagery into jargon. It would not cease to be jargon if we could refer it to something already written by Swedenborg or Blake. Nor does Mr. Yeats become more lucid when writing of a man's "daemon"—(he seems to hold that every man has a daemon who is his opposite)—he says:—

"His descending power is neither the winding nor the straight line, but zig-zag, illuminating the passive and active properties, the tree's two sorts of fruit."

All this may be in some way related to the experience of devotees of magic or spiritualism. It bears no more relation to the experience of the majority of men and artists than do the abstract words of Mrs. Eddy.

The first of the two essays in Mr. Yeats's book, discussing the nature of the artist, is interesting and provocative, though one may not jump to agreement with it. Mr. Yeats's theory, put in a few words, is that the artist expresses not himself but his anti-self in his art. His art, as it were, is praise of a virtue or beauty from which in his daily life he is cut off. Mr. Yeats is persuaded that Dante "celebrated the most fair lady poet ever sung and the Divine Justice . . . because he had to struggle in his heart with his unjust anger and his lust." He quotes as additional evidence in support of his theory the instances of William Morris and Landor:—

"William Morris, a happy, fussy, most irascible man, described dim colour and pensive emotion, following, beyond any man of his time, an indolent muse; while Savage Landor topped us all in calm nobility when the pen was in his hand, as in the daily violence and his passion when he had laid it down."

Keats similarly expressed his anti-self in his verse. Mr. Yeats prefaces a poem to his new book, in which he says of Keats:—

"I see a schoolboy, when I think of him,
With face and nose pressed to a sweet-shop window,
For certainly he sank into his grave,
His senses and his heart unsatisfied;
And made—being poor, ailing, and ignorant,
Shut out from all the luxury of the world,
The ill-bred son of a livery stable keeper—
Luxuriant song."

We need not pause to examine the truth of the statement that Keats was poor and ignorant and ill-bred, or that he died without having satisfied his senses. Even if we grant this, for the sake of argument, how are we to explain an equal passion for luxury in Oscar Wilde, who had none of Keats's disadvantages? We fancy Mr. Yeats would be on surer ground if he held that, while genius often grasps after a perfection which has no resemblance to the artist's common days, still the artist may as readily express the extreme logic of his life in his art as the contradiction of it. Otherwise we should find Cowper writing of adultery and Shelley singing the praises of tyrants. Mr. Yeats's theory is true only in so far as it means that in art the unfulfilled life achieves or attempts to achieve fulfilment. When he brings in Lionel Johnson and Ernest Dowson as witnesses in support of his theory, all that he proves is that they put into their song a virtue they were too weak of will to express in their lives.

"Johnson and Dowson, friends of my youth, were dissipated men, the one a drunkard, the other a drunkard and mad about women, and yet they had the gravity of men who had found life out and were awakening from their dream; and both—one in art and life and one in art and less in life—had a continual preoccupation with religion."

This proves nothing but that Johnson and Dowson were, like other men, subject to temptation and weak in their resistance to it. They differed from their neighbors not in their errors but in their genius. Christina Rossetti was as continually preoccupied with religion as either of them. She both wrote and lived virtuously. Johnson and Dowson lived viciously and wrote virtuously, and neither of them wrote as well as she did. We cannot see how Mr. Yeats can hope to prove his theory of the self and the anti-self except by strictly selecting his facts and refusing to consider the evidence on the other side.

If his theory were true, it would be as immoral as it would be foolish to oppose it. If it is false, however, it is most important that it should be opposed and exploded, as there is no theory which is more likely to make a young man wishing to be a poet go out and make a fool of himself. Bohemia would be revived in its ancient popularity, for artists would feel that they were at liberty to indulge the self in all the seven sins, and that their anti-self, pure and white in its opposition, would look after their art. Mr. Yeats possibly would not put it that way. But that is the inference that the young and the sensual would draw from his theory. He seems to prove the divine necessity of Dante's "lechery" no less than of his idealism. "In all great poetical styles," he writes, "there is saint or hero, but when it is all over Dante can return to his chambering and Shakespeare to his 'pottle pot.' They sought no impossible perfection but when they handled paper or parchment." And he writes on another page:—

"I think that we who are poets and artists, not being permitted to shoot beyond the tangible, must go from desire to weariness, and so to desire again, and live but for the moment when vision comes to our weariness like terrible lightning, in the humility of the brutes."

Those who live in this philosophy may produce an occasional minor poet like Ernest Dowson. They will never produce an *Æschylus* or a *Shakespeare* or a *Shelley* or a *Browning*. Great poets, like other great men, are for the most part largely preoccupied with morals. Dante would not have justified his faithlessness to Beatrice. He was not content, we may be sure, to "live in the humility of the brutes" in his daily life as Mr. Yeats would have had him be content. His genius was a genius of struggle against evil, not a philosophic or half-time acquiescence in it. Genius, we may admit, does not necessarily produce sinlessness any more than it necessarily produces sinfulness. On the whole, however, we feel safe in asserting that the greatest men of genius have almost all been in line with the deeper

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moral sense of the world. It is the little men who shock us most. Most of the moral decadents among authors are quite tiny people.

The second part of Mr. Yeats's book we cannot hope to explain in a few sentences. In so far as it is personal, it describes the author's reasons for resorting hopefully to old women in Connaught and mediums in Soho in search of psychic experiences. Mr. Yeats accepts the theory that there is a great world-memory passed on from generation to generation, and that we can get psychically into touch with "knowledge running backward to the beginning of the world." He believes that all our mental images, as well as apparitions, are "found existing in the general vehicle of *Anima Mundi*, and mirrored in one particular vehicle." He is thus a Platonist as well as a Spiritualist. It is his Spiritualism, however, that will chiefly appeal to the mood of the present hour. He speaks almost as dogmatically of the dead and their thoughts and labors as mediums do. He writes, for instance:—

"The dead living in their memories, are, I am persuaded, the source of all that we call instinct, and it is their love and their desire, all unknowing, that makes us dive beyond our reason, or in defiance of our interest it may be; and it is the dream martins that, all unknowing, are master-masons to the living martins building about church windows their elaborate nests."

He tells us again:

"The famous dead and those of whom but a faint memory lingers, can still—and it is for no other end that, all unknowing, we value posthumous fame—tread the corridor and take the empty chair. A glove or a name can call their bearer; the shadows come to our elbow amid their old undisturbed habitations, and "materialisation" itself is easier, it may be, among walls or by rocks and trees that carry upon them particles of vehicles cast off in some extremity when they had still animate bodies."

"Certainly, the mother returns from the grave, and with arms that may be visible and solid, for a hurried moment, can comfort a neglected child or set the cradle rocking."

One may not be willing to admit Mr. Yeats's "certainties"; but his views are of interest to us as the views of a man of genius who has always immersed himself in the lore of fairies and spirits. He describes in his new book the experiments he used to make in order to communicate in his dreams with the unseen world.

"I elaborated a symbolism of natural objects that I might give myself dreams during sleep, or rather visions, for they had none of the confusion of dreams, by laying upon my pillow or beside my bed certain flowers or leaves. Even to-day, after twenty years, the recollections of the messages that came to me from bits of hawthorn or some other plant seem of all moments of my life the happiest and the wisest."

The old-fashioned or the rationalistic will dismiss all this as sheer fancifulness, and we confess we have found little in Mr. Yeats's book that would pass as evidence in a court of law. On the other hand, it is always of extreme interest to know the creed of a man of letters. Mr. Yeats has, we gather, abandoned spiritualistic or magical experiments in recent years. At the end of his book, however, he tells us that he wonders whether he will take to his "barbarous words" of evocation once more or, "now that I shall in a little be growing old, to some kind of simple piety like that of an old woman." Alas, simple piety is not for the self-conscious! Mr. Yeats will have to lose his absorption in the design of the mask of his faith before he achieves the happy fortune of an old woman at her prayers.

BRONTË-ITIS.

"Charlotte Brontë: A Centenary Memorial." (Fisher Unwin, 8s. 6d. net.)

We have always felt sure, and we now feel surer, that Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë, could they have seen into the future, would have repudiated Brontë-itis with a zest far surpassing Browning's against Browning-itis. Gazing from the spirit-world upon some meetings of the Brontë Society which are faintly described in this volume, we can see two stern and ardent faces and one gentler one, lit up with feelings inarticulate. For could the sisters listen to or read these pieces—these academic

rigidities and unacademic contortions, these appraisals, comparisons, analyses, syntheses, and in especial, the strainings and plainings, tearfulnesses and fearfulnesses, of the contribution called "The Spirit of the Moors" . . . we think that fire from Heaven would fall upon the Brontë Museum and the other places where they "read papers," and consume them all in one fierce blaze of Brontë scorn. In the designated article there stands as the most exquisite ineptitude about the Brontës or anything else that yet has found its way into print: "The world has bowed at the shrine of many conquerors—Cæsar, Alexander, and the rest—but there is one Heathcliffe, and one only. Not Alexander at his greatest—when he was sighing for fresh worlds to conquer—could have imagined a hero of Heathcliffe's fibre." . . . The mind reels before this saying; question of its truth or untruth is unthinkable; one can only ask how such a notion ever entered human head.

Here, it is true, we touch bottom; not anything else is like this. But all through our perusal of this volume we saw those wide-eyed faces bent about the earnest gentlemen, and felt a pang of quite new pity for the Brontës, who, Heaven knows, have had their dose of pity! We saw those faces, and we guessed what sparkled in their eyes. For the Brontës had irony no less than passion; they had humor, too, in their degree—if not as writers, then as women; and they had, more than all, that fiercest modesty called dignity, which is the heart of every noble pride. We have always felt that the fable they would most uncompromisingly reject is the fable of their great unhappiness—their "tragedy." "Their natures, not their lives, were tragic; sorrow was the daily bread of their imaginations." Elsewhere that stands written of them; we welcome the opportunity to repeat it, for it seems to us to be the thing that most needs saying of the Brontës. What Haworth did to them all, what Brussels did for Charlotte, was, in truth, not harsh, but kind. And Haworth and Brussels, each with its differing trials, fostered what was there, and what in any place, in any way of life, would have found expression, though without these places and their ways, hardly so fine a one. Set them anywhere, make their lives what commonest imaginings might wish for them, and still they would be children of the tempest.

Among the contributions is one from Mr. Gilbert Chesterton. It has the familiar mark of being resolutely and obviously unobvious. "The towering and over-masculine barbarians and lunatics who dominate the Brontë walls, simply represent the impression produced by the rather boastful Yorkshire manner upon the more civilized and sensitive Irish temperament." The Irish temperament, susceptible to flattery though it be, says very definitely No to this. The chief merit, we think, of the Irish people is that English people cannot take them in. An Irishwoman, thus, confronted by a Rochester, might love him; but she would not be taken in by him. But we must be fair to Mr. Chesterton. This explanation of Rochester and the other barbarians and lunatics is fathered on "an Irish friend." There comes back to us with this an anecdote of the first Lord Morris, famed, among much else, for brogue and bluntness. It was at a public dinner: his neighbor was of the straitest sect, an Englishman. Lord Morris scintillated, and his neighbor drawled: "You Irish are so witty!" "Not at all," the Judge replied, regarding him. "Come over to Dublin with me to-morrow, and I'll show you half-a-dozen men as stupid as yourself." Far be it from us, then, to question the paternity of the Yorkshire-Irish *aperçu*. Our own view of Rochester and all his tribe is that they, together with the Brontë heroine, are, "simply," variants of Beauty and the Beast—that legend wherein first the folk-tale tellers showed an insight for the heart of woman, which eternally renews the dream of loving, without palliative, someone who shall seem unlovable to all but her.

A TRIP TO TARTARUS.

"A Diary Without Dates." By ENID BAGNOLD. (Herrmann. 2s. 6d. net.)

The obsession of titles is one of the disadvantages of literature. They charm one imperiously into a fallacious state of mind. The diary suggests something placid, sauntering and amiable, something in the Pepys,



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Evelyn, and "Rural Rides" manner — something, at any rate discursive, a pleasure rather than a rapture, a melancholy rather than an agony. And of this illusion, Miss Bagnold, whom a bit of the world knows as a poet of feeling and elegance and only now as a diarist, has, we suspect, taken an unscrupulous profit. Here she has written an irregular journal of her experiences in a London hospital, written, so far as one can guess, through the light veil of fiction which removes the book from downright autobiography, during parts of 1916 and 1917. And the dexterity of her method consists not only in her playing upon our illusion as to what a diary should be, but in herself falling into the trap deliberately and with her eyes open. She tells a tale, that is to say, dreadful to the imagination that compasses it, but in a cultivated tone of ease, urbanity, and matter-of-factness, as if she were relating her contacts, not with men dead and dying, eyeless and limbless, men with locomotor ataxy and with wounds suppurating for months on end, but with say, her mischievous nieces and nephews. Had the cause of this skilful literary device been simply lack of feeling, the horror of her narrative would have been less than that of the barbarous insensibility which was occupied with it. But so obvious is her sincerity in revealing these terrors to a callous world by the most telling treatment she can bring to bear, that she lays rather too much stress upon it. Thus, her use of asterisks—that modern and irritating bad habit which is such a convenient way of shifting the burden of expression from the shoulders of the writer to those of the reader—is far too indiscriminate. Nor is the disjointedness of the book—appropriate enough to the diary form, to the conscious turns of phrase and figure and to the personal touch of the diarist—properly mastered and economically employed.

One of the acutest contrasts of the book is that between the nurses and "sisters" and their patients. The most ardent longing of the former "is to be all alike":—

"There is a certain dreadful innocence about them, too, as though each would protest, 'in spite of our tasks, and often immodest tasks, our minds are white as snow.' And, as far as I can see, their conception of a white female mind is the silliest, most mulish, incurious, unresponsive, condemning kind of an ideal that a human creature could set before it."

Their pathetic snobberies:—

"There in the wards the sisters have the stuff the world is made of, laid out, bedded; before their eyes; the ups and downs of man from the four corners of the Empire and the hundred corners of social life, helpless and in pyjamas—and they are not satisfied, but must cry for a 'gentleman.'"

One of them has earache:—

"What struck me was her own angry bewilderment before the fact of her pain. 'But it hurts. . . . You've no idea how it hurts!'"

She was surprised. Many times a day she hears the words, "Sister, you're hurtin' me . . . Couldn't you shift my heel? It's like a toothache," and similar sentences. I hear them in our ward all the time." An old lady visits the ward, at whom it is the custom to laugh. She treats the men as though they had wives and children, "a house and a back-garden and responsibilities":—

"I thought of yesterday's injection. That is the difference; that is what the sisters mean when they say 'the boys.'"

Other visitors come and go, when the beds are neat and clean and the flowers out on the tables, and the V.A.D.'s sit sewing, when the men look like men again:—

"If you could see, O visitors, what lies beneath the dressings! When one shoots at a wooden figure, it makes a hole. When one shoots at a man it makes a hole, and the doctor must make seven others."

Are not these stray glimpses more poignant, more awe-inspiring than the nakedness of full sight? "The old battle is again in my mind," says the author, "—the struggle to feel pain, to repel the invading familiarity."

The humanity of the patients is their most tragic quality. Not that shameful invention of mock jocularity with which the subscribers to clubs and circulating libraries in the hollowness of their hearts invest the soldier hero, but the humanity of the D.C.M. sergeant, who has a part of heroic indifference and endurance to play before the world;

of Rees, who releases the nurse's hand, to point in the air, crying, "There's the pain"; of the gentle dairyman going mad from the agonies not of the front but the drill-yard, repeating over and over again the commands of the sergeant; of Gayner, whose case the doctors dismiss as "hysteria," because he has not tetanus, but the fear of it, and calls out "My jaws want to close. I can't keep them open"; of Scutts, with eleven wounds and two crippled arms, who has such romantic plans when he "gets into civvies"; of Pinker with his ghastly wounds and playful philosophy—"A nurse's life is one roun' of pleasure." These men excite terror and pity on the scale of the grandest tragic themes. They feed realization far more than the corpses being carried away on stretchers with a flag upon them, more even than the case of Waker who has had ten operations, and who has to have the pluggings from five deep shoulder wounds pulled out—"the anaesthetic could not be found." They move, they speak, they are our fellow-men; but the heroism of Waker, who neither moves nor speaks, is somehow beyond the world. These are the pictures that Miss Bagnold gives us of hospital life. "These, she seems to say, these living, breathing, tortured individual men are your Man-Power, and this is your great war. And as she leaves the wards for the streets, she hears as in some nightmare gibbering, "We must win the war, Win the war, Win the war!" A greater passion would indeed have made a greater book and one less consciously literary, but one day Miss Bagnold will make such adroitness and power of expression her servant rather than her master.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Battle Wrack." By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5s. net.)

CAPTAIN Britten Austin has gathered together in this volume a number of sketches which he has contributed from time to time to various magazines. Four of the sketches were written before the war, but all have the same quality of vividness and intense dramatic power. In "Nach Verdun," for instance, an attempt is made to picture the German Staff before the battle of Verdun and during the opening days; and very quickly the reader becomes enthralled in the story and hastens on to its close. We see the machine-like order, the warm optimism of the German Staff, the desire to shepherd a too enquiring neutral to places where he will see nothing when all is not going well; and it is difficult to think that the sketch is not eminently true. In the Chatelaine of Lysboisée quite another theme is taken up; but it is marked by the same powerful handling. It is the familiar story of the struggle between love and duty; but the staging is the present war in one of the many ways it came to the French towns. "The Battery," which was written before the war, is one of the most remarkable. It pictures one of those extraordinary pieces of heroic stupidity which decide the fate of battles. A subaltern sticks to his guns when he ought to have fallen back, because he has no orders. But the doubts, fears, hesitations and resulting ensemble of heroism are inimitably described.

* * *

"Madame Roland: A Biography." By Mrs. POPE-HENNESSY. (Nisbet. 16s.)

MADAME Roland is immortal by a phrase. That last magnificent gesture, "O liberté, comme on t'a jouée!" is for millions their sole knowledge of Mme. Roland and the vital epoch in history in which she lived. Mrs. Pope-Hennessy's book, in which every fact known about Mme. Roland is collected, comes at the appropriate moment, for once again the world is learning phrases which have a living heart and meaning. Mme. Roland is among the noblest figures in history, and the century of niggard praise and depreciation to which she has been subjected is all a part of that unphilosophic view of history which sees great events directed by great people, instead of the actors as puppets in events greater than themselves. Mrs. Pope-Hennessy herself thinks that Danton, who was submerged by the flood, and Mme. Roland, who pulled down the ruins on her own





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party, together might have ruled France if they had worked together. She also takes up the moral attitude towards Robespierre and Marat. There were giants in those remarkable years in France; but no one was so big as the Revolution. And for that, perhaps, we should be thankful. We have read of one great man and his whiff of grapeshot.

* * *

"Japan: The Rise of a Modern Power." By ROBERT P. PORTER. (Clarendon Press. 5s. 6d.)

"You English," said the Japanese Ambassador a year ago, "do not know one-tenth as much about us as we do about you." Mr. Porter's is a contribution to the work of dissipating our ignorance. It is a lucid summary of Japanese history from 660 B.C. to the surrender of Kiao-Chau by the Germans, with notes on the physical characteristics, industries and arts of the people. The Japanese may not be a happier and better people for the phenomenal Occidentalism of their country which was completed between 1858 and 1894, but that revolution is among the most remarkable things in history. The story is well told by Mr. Porter, who was not unmindful, despite his enthusiasm for the Eastern Power, that a jingoistic school of expansionists is gradually acquiring more influence in the Empire's councils. Mr. Porter died before completing his task, and the work has been put into final form by his friends.

* * *

"The Advanced Montessori Method." By MARIA MONTESSORI. (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.)

MONTESSORISM is the children's charter of spiritual freedom. It commands over-anxious elders to save their own souls. Only experimental processes will determine its efficacy. In any case, it is now established as an experimental science. Dr. Montessori has gone a step further than Froebel and all other educators in the doctrine that the individuality of the child should be allowed scope for development. She forbids the teacher to invade the sanctity of the infant's personality, where there are mysteries he knows nothing of, and she demands a more natural educational environment in place of the artificial atmosphere of the schoolroom. She will permit no direct interposition by the cramming of parental and pedagogic prejudices into the young mind. The problem is that of offering the child the necessary nourishment—the educational objects for its attention which correspond to its formative tendencies. Auto-education is the method. This new pedagogy belongs to science, and there is much experimental research to be done. The book is a vital contribution to modern thought.

* * *

"Inside the British Isles." By ARTHUR GLEASON. (Bodley Head. 5s.)

It has been said that the main thing to consider about a book is not its ideas, but whether its writer has an idea at all. But this does not take into account Mr. Gleason. He has so many ideas that it is not easy to hang them together. No revolutionary is more insistent than he on democratic control; he can see the war which lurks behind the coming peace, when the "hammers of reconstruction will louder thunder than any in Picardy"; he realizes the iniquity of our industrial system, and demands a freer and finer social life. But his own reconstruction hammer produces palliatives which were being discussed in Parliament before the war. He thinks that welfare work is a step towards labor control of industry, and that the English workers are now working at full tilt for the first time in their lives. From his references and appendix it is clear he has made a conscientious effort to get at the facts, but to speak of the workers' outlook as purely materialistic and selfish, and to endorse, as he appears to do, a remark that Morris was led astray, together with the Labor movement, by the invasion of "Marxian ideas from Germany," is not to understand Morris, or Marx, or Germany, or the Labor movement. He cries boldly for industrial and spiritual revolution, and then drops to talk of higher wages being obtained by greater output. Still, there is much that is excellent in the book, which is sincere and often shrewd, and we do not wish to appear ungrateful to an American visitor who considers (after some criticism) that the NATION is the "best weekly in England."

The Week in the City.

CONVERSATIONS with two brokers and a member of a well-known banking house have not disclosed much of interest. The exchanges are largely artificial. The weakness of Italian credit has been rather obvious of late. The definite abandonment of war by Bolshevik Russia, and the signing of a separate peace by the Ukraine Rada, have no immediate effect on Russian credit. The Stock Exchange seems to have given up political speculation. It distrusts Mr. Lloyd George, but most of the members are still grateful to him for his activities in the "Knock-Out Blow" period. Considering the appalling outlook for debt and income tax there is some surprise, as well as satisfaction felt, that prices of Consols and other Government securities have been so well maintained. On Tuesday there was a Stock Exchange rumor that Japan had declared war upon Russia, but it had no effect on prices. Nor did the difficulties of our own Government, and the fear of its early dissolution, produce any visible movement in Government securities on the following day. Supplies of money are not abundant, and the daily rate for loans is about 3½ per cent. During the week Treasury Bills have been slightly reduced, thanks to the improved sale of War Bonds. Thursday's Bank Return showed an increase in the Reserve.

IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY.

Appeals for economy seem to have had little effect upon the consumption of tobacco, for the profits of the Imperial Tobacco Company continue to show a steady expansion. The actual trading profit for the year ended October 31st last is given in the report as £3,538,500, as compared with £3,912,700. But this year the figure is arrived at after making a reserve for income tax, whereas a year ago £602,350 was appropriated for this purpose after profits had been struck. The following table summarizes results for the past four years.—

	1914 £	1915 £	1916 £	1917 £
Trading Profit ...	3,533,300	3,629,900	3,912,700	3,538,500
Brought forward ...	135,900	185,100	145,800	22,000
	3,666,300	3,883,090	4,056,500	3,560,500
Reserves, &c. ...	1,414,900	1,491,100	1,602,300	1,050,000
Preference Dividend ...	832,200	852,200	852,200	852,200
Ordinary Dividend ...	544,400	1,113,800	1,253,300	1,254,000
(35 p.c.)	(40 p.c.)	(22½ p.c.)	(22½ p.c.)	
Bonus to Customers ...	241,700	282,100	326,600	133,300
Carried forward ...	185,100	143,800	22,000	271,000*

* Subject to bonus for second half-year.

A sum of £1,000,000 is placed to general reserve, and £50,000 to pensions fund, leaving £2,510,500, or £56,000 more, available for distribution. The same dividends are paid, the dividend of 10 per cent. and bonus of 12½ per cent. on the ordinary shares being paid free of income tax. After paying a bonus to customers of £133,300 for the first half of the year, there remains a balance of £271,000 to be carried forward, which is subject to a bonus for the second half of the year. Goodwill and patent rights stand in the balance-sheet at the enormous total of £9,422,600, but against this there is a general reserve fund amounting to £5,465,500. The Company's accounts are a good example of successful Trust methods.

GRAND TRUNKS.

Last week there was a remarkable improvement in the price of Grand Trunk Prior Stocks, the three preferences scoring rises varying from 2½ to 5½ points. The Guaranteed 4 per cent. moved up 4 points, and even the Ordinary was slightly better. The cause of the rally was a telegram from Ottawa, to the effect that a statement of Government policy with regard to the railways was expected shortly, and it was also rumored that the Government intends to acquire the Grand Trunk as well as the Grand Trunk Pacific, "on the basis of a guarantee and a substantial dividend to the shareholders of the Grand Trunk." On Monday of this week, however, a telegram was received stating that the Dominion Government desired it to be understood that the reports "have absolutely no foundation—that no such proposals have yet been under consideration, and that any expectation on the basis proposed will undoubtedly entail severe disappointment." As a result of this denial, and the publication of another bad traffic return, prices have fallen again heavily, the prospect of higher freight and passenger rates failing to inspire much confidence.

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